DC'S ZATANNIC PANIC!
DC'S ZATANNIC PANIC!
US
AGES 13+
1
13+
TEEN

ZATANNA IN
"THE GREATEST MAGICIAN THERE EVER WAS"
*Written by* **LYNDON RADCHENKA**
*Art by* **JOHN McCREA**
*Color by* **MIKE SPICER**
*Letters by* **ARIANA MAHER**

BATMAN IN
"OUROBOROS"
*Written by* **ROBERTO RECCHIONI**
*Art and Color by* **LUIGI CAVENAGO**
*Letters by* **STEVE WANDS**

PLASTIC MAN IN
"FULL-SIZE BARS"
*Written by* **DANIEL WARREN JOHNSON**
*Art by* **RILEY ROSSMO**
*Color by* **IÑAKI AZPIAZU**
*Letters by* **TOM NAPOLITANO**

THE WARLORD IN
"IN YOUR EYES"
*Written by* **ALEX GALER**
*Art by* **DANIEL BAYLISS**
*Color by* **MATT HERMS**
*Letters by* **FERRAN DELGADO**

THE DEMON IN
"SPLITTING HEIRS"
*Written by* **CAVAN SCOTT**
*Art and Color by* **DON AGUILLO**
*Letters by* **MICAH MYERS**

SWAMP THING AND CONSTANTINE IN
"WHAT A HORRIBLE NIGHT TO HAVE A CURSE"
*Story, Art, and Letters by* **ANDREW MacLEAN**
*Color by* **JORDIE BELLAIRE**

RAVEN IN
"THE TRICK-OR-TREATER OF GLADESTONE STREET"
*Story and Art by* **ROWAN MacCOLL**
*Letters by* **FERRAN DELGADO**

AMBUSH BUG IN
"THE HAUNTED COMIC!"
*Written by* **CALLIE C. MILLER**
*Art and Color by* **MEGAN HUANG**
*Letters by* **PAT BROSSEAU**

*Cover by*
**LEE BERMEJO**

*Variant Covers by*
**DANIEL WARREN JOHNSON &**
**MIKE SPICER**
**RAIKO**

# DON'T MISS THE OPENING ROUNDS THIS OCTOBER

*JUSTICE LEAGUE: THE OMEGA ACT SPECIAL*

*TITANS* #28

*THE FLASH* #26

*JUSTICE LEAGUE UNLIMITED* #12

*SUPERMAN* #31

**THE ACTION INTENSIFIES IN NOVEMBER AND BEYOND!**

"ONE DAY, ZATANNA, I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GREAT MAGICIAN...
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR MY FINAL TRICK OF THE EVENING...
"...ONE OF THE GREATEST."
...I AM GOING TO FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE GREAT MAGICIANS BEFORE ME, LIKE MY FATHER...
...AND, WITH YOUR HELP, WILL PERFORM ONE LAST DEATH-DEFYING SPECTACLE...
...THE COFFIN ESCAPE TRICK!

"NEVER SHY AWAY FROM THE SPOTLIGHT, MY DEAR. COMMIT TO YOUR ACT, AND SEE IT THROUGH TO THE END...

"...TAKE YOUR PLACE AMONG THE GREATS, BUT BE CAREFUL. MAGICIANS ARE A JEALOUS AND ENVIOUS LOT...

"...THE DESPERATE WILL DO ***ANYTHING*** TO ELIMINATE THEIR COMPETITION...

"...TO SURVIVE, YOU'LL NEED TO SHINE."

WHOA!

THIS WASN'T PART OF THE ACT.

EERF EM!

GIOVANNI ZATARA

WHAT-- WHERE AM I?

DAD?!

WELCOME TO THE FOREST OF LOST SOULS, ZATANNA.

FOR TOO LONG, YOU'VE USED YOUR MAGIC TO ENRICH YOUR OWN LIFE AT THE EXPENSE OF BETTER, MORE TALENTED MAGICIANS.

THIS IS A DREAM, RIGHT? WHO ARE YOU?

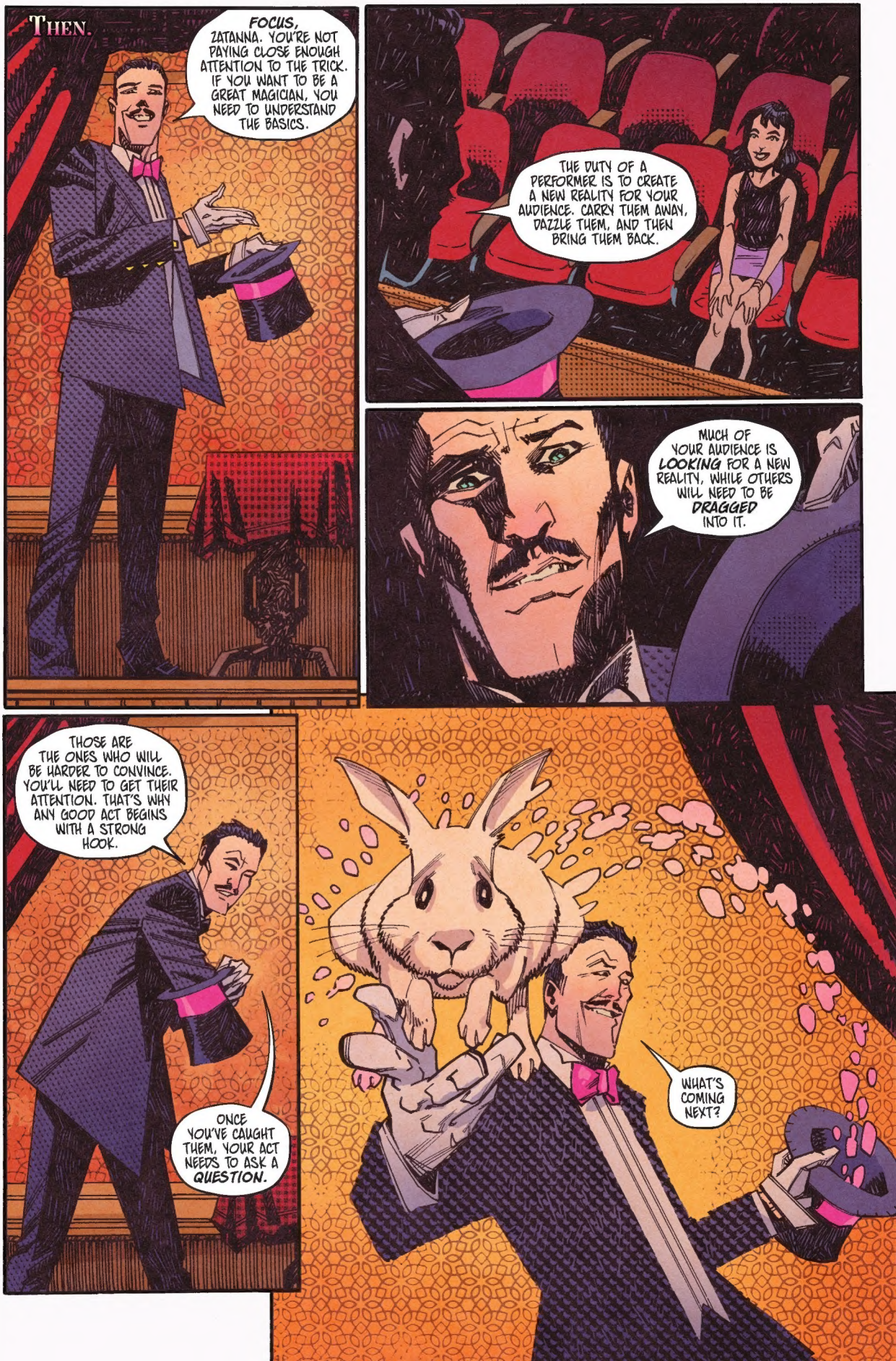
I HAVE TO GET BACK. THE SHOW MUST GO ON.

I'M SOMEONE WHO DEMANDS THAT YOU BE ***STOPPED***, IMPRISONED HERE, PAYING THE PRICE FOR ALL THAT YOU'VE STOLEN...

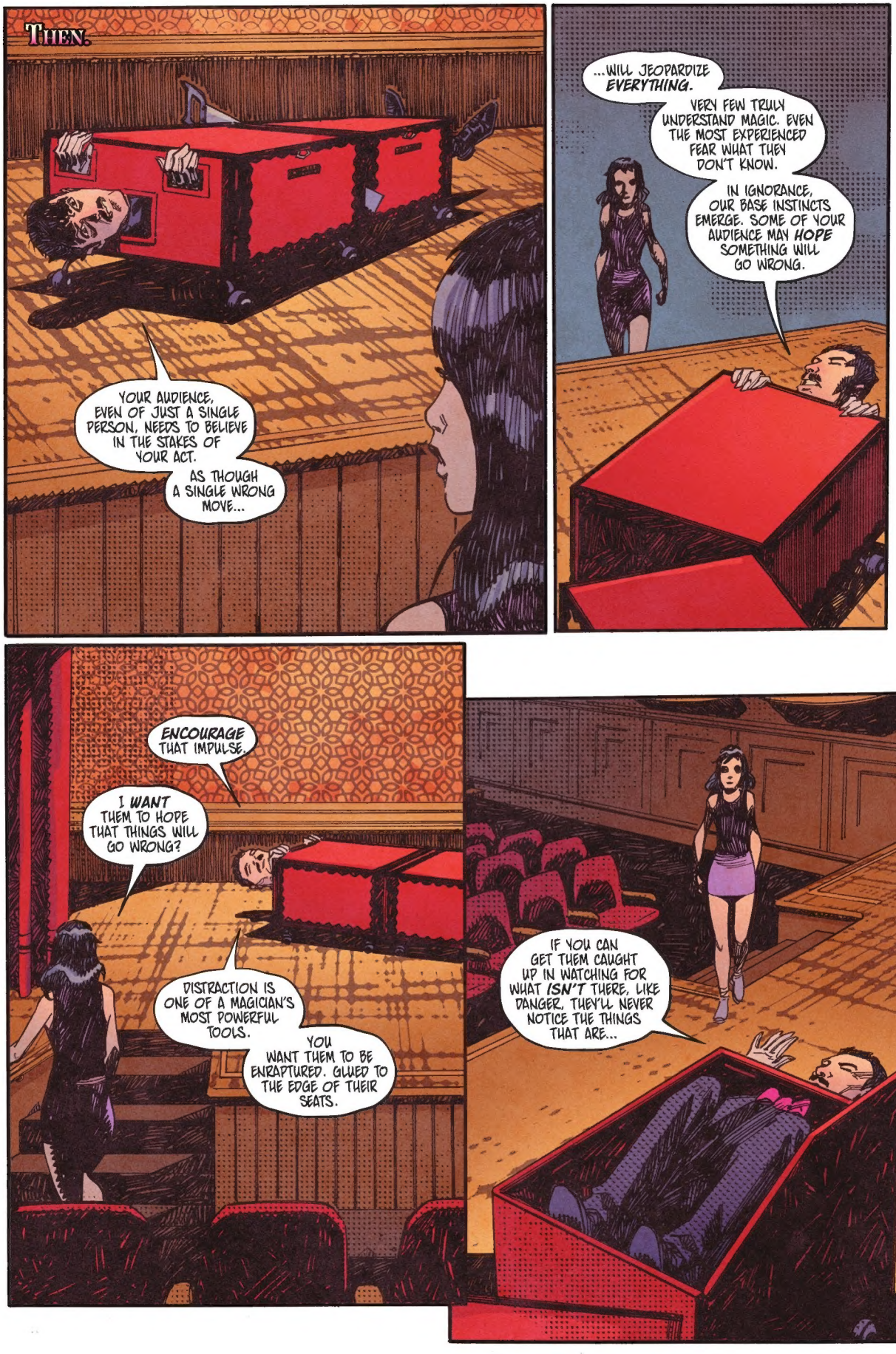
...AND YOUR WILDEST IMAGINATION COULDN'T DREAM UP THE FATE YOU FACE HERE. MAGIC HAS A COST, ZATANNA ZATARA, AND YOUR LEDGER HAS GOTTEN HEAVY.

THE MONSTERS OF THIS FOREST WILL FIND YOU. YOU WILL ROT HERE, TRAPPED FOREVER, WAITING TO BE CARRIED OUT ***IN A BOX.***

A ***TRULY*** GREAT MAGICIAN MIGHT ESCAPE, BUT NOT YOU.


THEN.
FOCUS, ZATANNA. YOU'RE NOT PAYING CLOSE ENOUGH ATTENTION TO THE TRICK. IF YOU WANT TO BE A GREAT MAGICIAN, YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND THE BASICS.
THE DUTY OF A PERFORMER IS TO CREATE A NEW REALITY FOR YOUR AUDIENCE. CARRY THEM AWAY, DAZZLE THEM, AND THEN BRING THEM BACK.
MUCH OF YOUR AUDIENCE IS LOOKING FOR A NEW REALITY, WHILE OTHERS WILL NEED TO BE DRAGGED INTO IT.
THOSE ARE THE ONES WHO WILL BE HARDER TO CONVINCE. YOU'LL NEED TO GET THEIR ATTENTION. THAT'S WHY ANY GOOD ACT BEGINS WITH A STRONG HOOK.
ONCE YOU'VE CAUGHT THEM, YOUR ACT NEEDS TO ASK A QUESTION.
WHAT'S COMING NEXT?

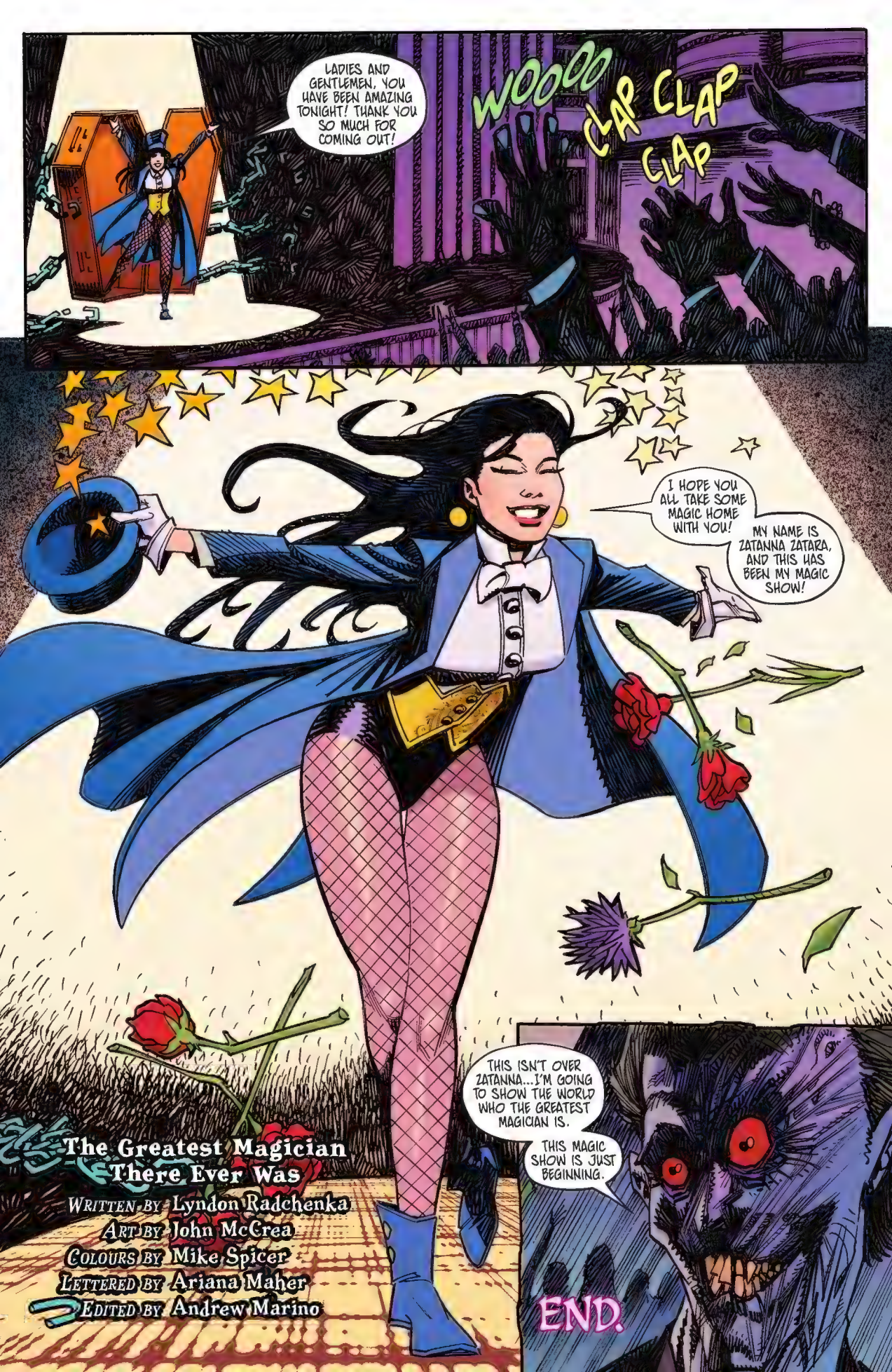
Now.
I'M NOT STICKING AROUND TO FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF SICK GAME THIS IS...
NRUTER EMOH!
...WHY ISN'T IT WORKING?
ONLY A DARK AND POWERFUL SPELL COULD HOLD ME HERE, BUT THERE MUST BE A WAY--
--OUT... WHAT THE...
OH MY GOD. KIDS!
HANG ON, I'LL HELP YOU!
AH!
ROAR
SHH...

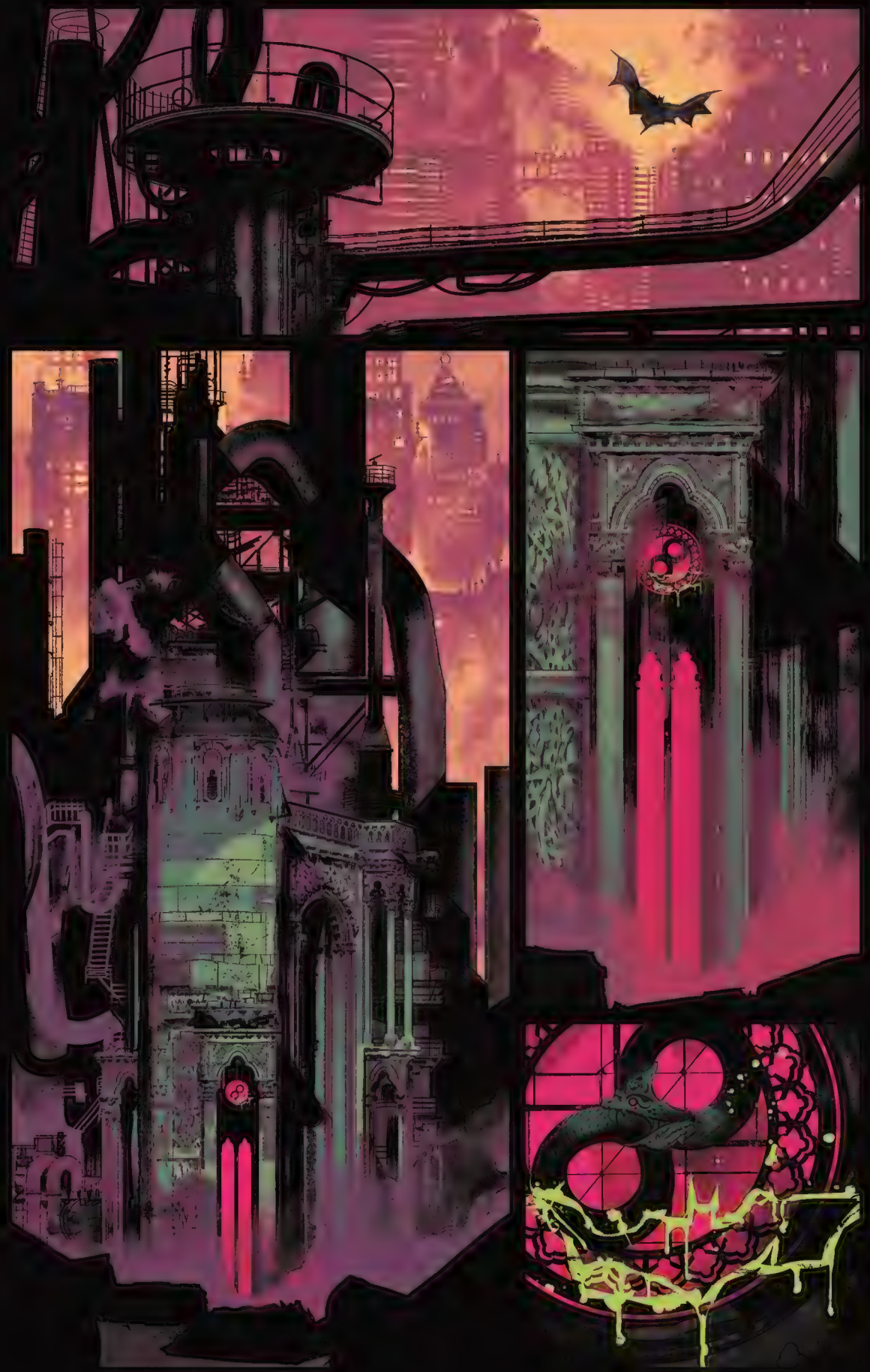

THEN.
YOUR AUDIENCE, EVEN OF JUST A SINGLE PERSON, NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN THE STAKES OF YOUR ACT.
AS THOUGH A SINGLE WRONG MOVE...
...WILL JEOPARDIZE EVERYTHING.
VERY FEW TRULY UNDERSTAND MAGIC. EVEN THE MOST EXPERIENCED FEAR WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW.
IN IGNORANCE, OUR BASE INSTINCTS EMERGE. SOME OF YOUR AUDIENCE MAY HOPE SOMETHING WILL GO WRONG.
ENCOURAGE THAT IMPULSE.
I WANT THEM TO HOPE THAT THINGS WILL GO WRONG?
DISTRACTION IS ONE OF A MAGICIAN'S MOST POWERFUL TOOLS.
YOU WANT THEM TO BE ENRAPTURED. GLUED TO THE EDGE OF THEIR SEATS.
IF YOU CAN GET THEM CAUGHT UP IN WATCHING FOR WHAT ISN'T THERE, LIKE DANGER, THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE THE THINGS THAT ARE...

Now.
"...THAT'S WHERE THE REAL MAGIC IS."
REALLY, A HELLBEAST?
SCRUP
AH!
WAIT A SECOND...
...INCLUDING AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.
I'M THE AUDIENCE!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE NOW.
WOHS FLESRUOY!
...WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE?
I'VE BEEN SO DISTRACTED THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN PAYING ATTENTION TO WHAT I'M NOT SEEING.
A GREAT MAGICIAN, THE GREATEST THERE EVER WAS, TAUGHT ME HOW TO DISTRACT AN AUDIENCE...

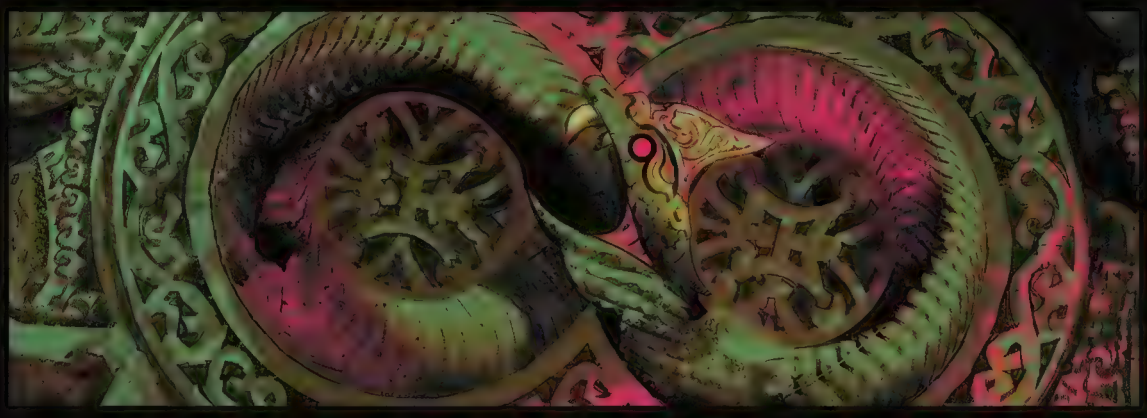
THERE'S ONLY ONE SORCERER I KNOW SO OBSESSED BY DARK MAGIC AND NARCISSISTIC ENOUGH THAT THEY WOULD THINK I COULD FALL FOR THIS...
...BROTHER NIGHT.
WELL DONE, ZATANNA ZATARA.
I ALMOST HAD YOU, DIDN'T I? WHAT GAVE IT AWAY? WAS IT THIS UGLY SUIT? LOOKS FAMILIAR, DOESN'T IT? JUST LIKE THE ONE DADDY USED TO WEAR.
DON'T TALK ABOUT MY FATHER.
LET ME GUESS, HE WAS YOUR HERO? MAYBE YOU WISH YOU WERE MORE LIKE HIM?
MAYBE IF HE HAD BELIEVED IN THE DARKER SIDE OF MAGIC A LITTLE MORE HE WOULD STILL BE HERE, WOULDN'T HE?
ENOUGH.
THAT'S WHAT HE GETS FOR BEING A BAD FATHER AND A WORSE MAGICIAN, ISN'T IT? IF HE HAD BEEN BETTER, LIKE ME, HE WOULD HAVE FOUND A WAY TO SIDE STEP DEATH.
I HEARD HE DIED FOR YOU, IS THAT RIGHT? THAT MUST WEIGH ON YOU SOMETIMES.
TO KNOW THAT IF EITHER OF YOU HAD BEEN STRONGER, BETTER, MAYBE YOUR DEAR FATHER WOULD STILL BE ALI--
I SAID... THAT'S HGUONE!

"THERE'S ONE LAST THING THAT YOU NEED TO REMEMBER, MY DEAR...
"...AND THAT'S THE PROPER WAY TO END YOUR ACT...
"...IT'S IMPORTANT YOU END YOUR SHOW WITH A BANG. DO THAT, AND YOUR AUDIENCE WILL REMEMBER YOU FOREVER."
...EVEN IF I NEED TO BURN IT, AND ALL YOUR DEMONS, TO THE GROUND.
"...YOU'VE COME SO FAR SINCE YOU STARTED YOUR TRAINING."
A GREAT MAGICIAN SEES THEIR TRICKS THROUGH TO THE END, RIGHT, DAD?
I KNOW YOU'RE STILL HERE, ELDON, SO LISTEN TO ME CLOSELY. I AM ZATANNA ZATARA, THE GREATEST MAGICIAN YOU HAVE EVER MET.
MY FATHER WAS A GOOD MAN. HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING HE KNEW, AND WITH HIS TRAINING I WILL BEAT YOU AND ESCAPE THIS FOREST...
EMIT OT ENIHS!
ZATANNA
ZATANNA
"...I'M SO PROUD OF YOU."


LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE BEEN AMAZING TONIGHT! THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING OUT!
WOOOO
CLAP CLAP CLAP
I HOPE YOU ALL TAKE SOME MAGIC HOME WITH YOU!
MY NAME IS ZATANNA ZATARA, AND THIS HAS BEEN MY MAGIC SHOW!
THIS ISN'T OVER ZATANNA...I'M GOING TO SHOW THE WORLD WHO THE GREATEST MAGICIAN IS.
THIS MAGIC SHOW IS JUST BEGINNING.
The Greatest Magician There Ever Was
WRITTEN BY Lyndon Radchenka
ART BY John McCrea
COLOURS BY Mike Spicer
LETTERED BY Ariana Maher
EDITED BY Andrew Marino
END.



I AM NOT A PRISONER OF ANY CYCLE...



# OUROBOROS

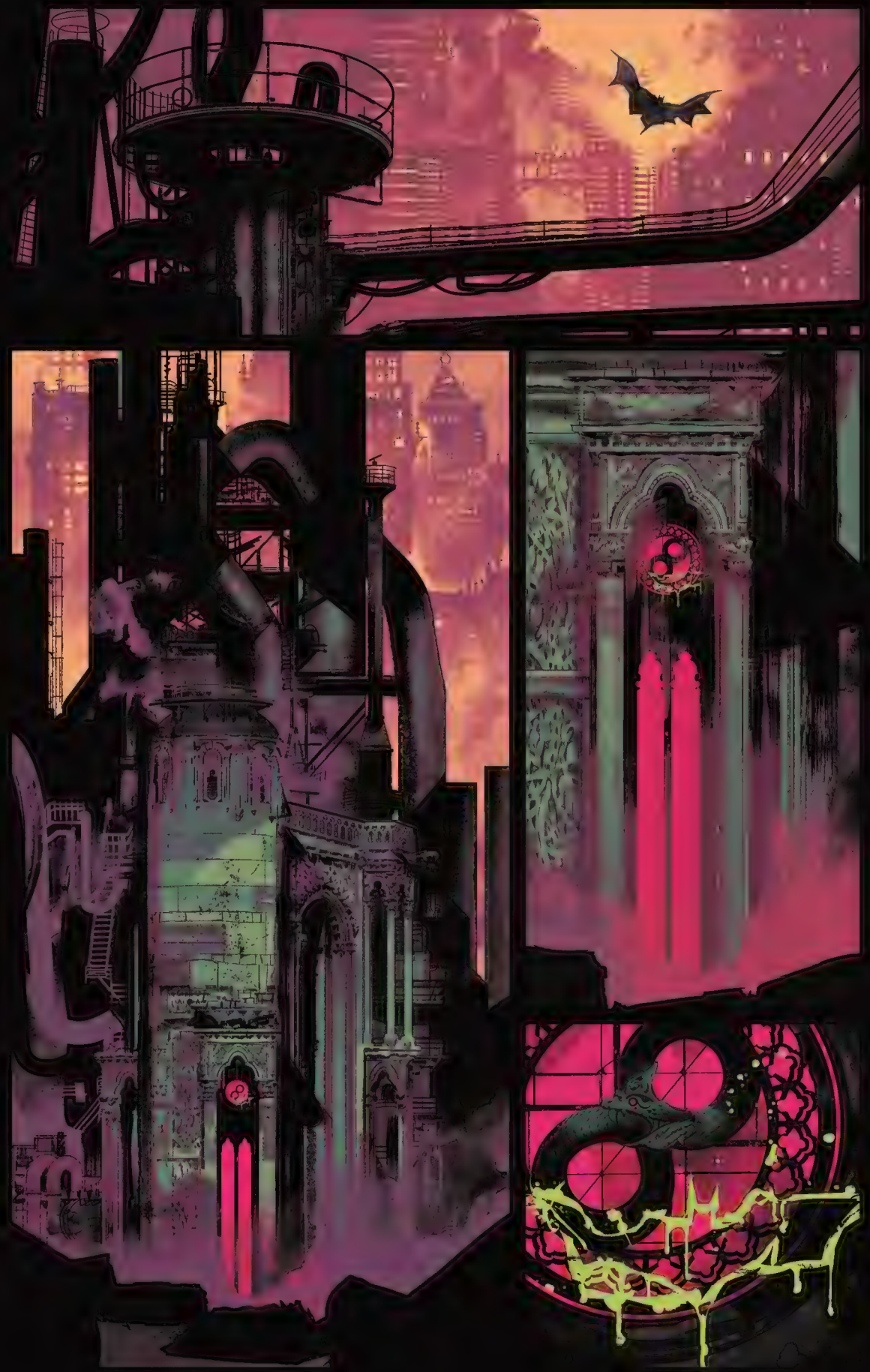
## a Palindromic Batman Story

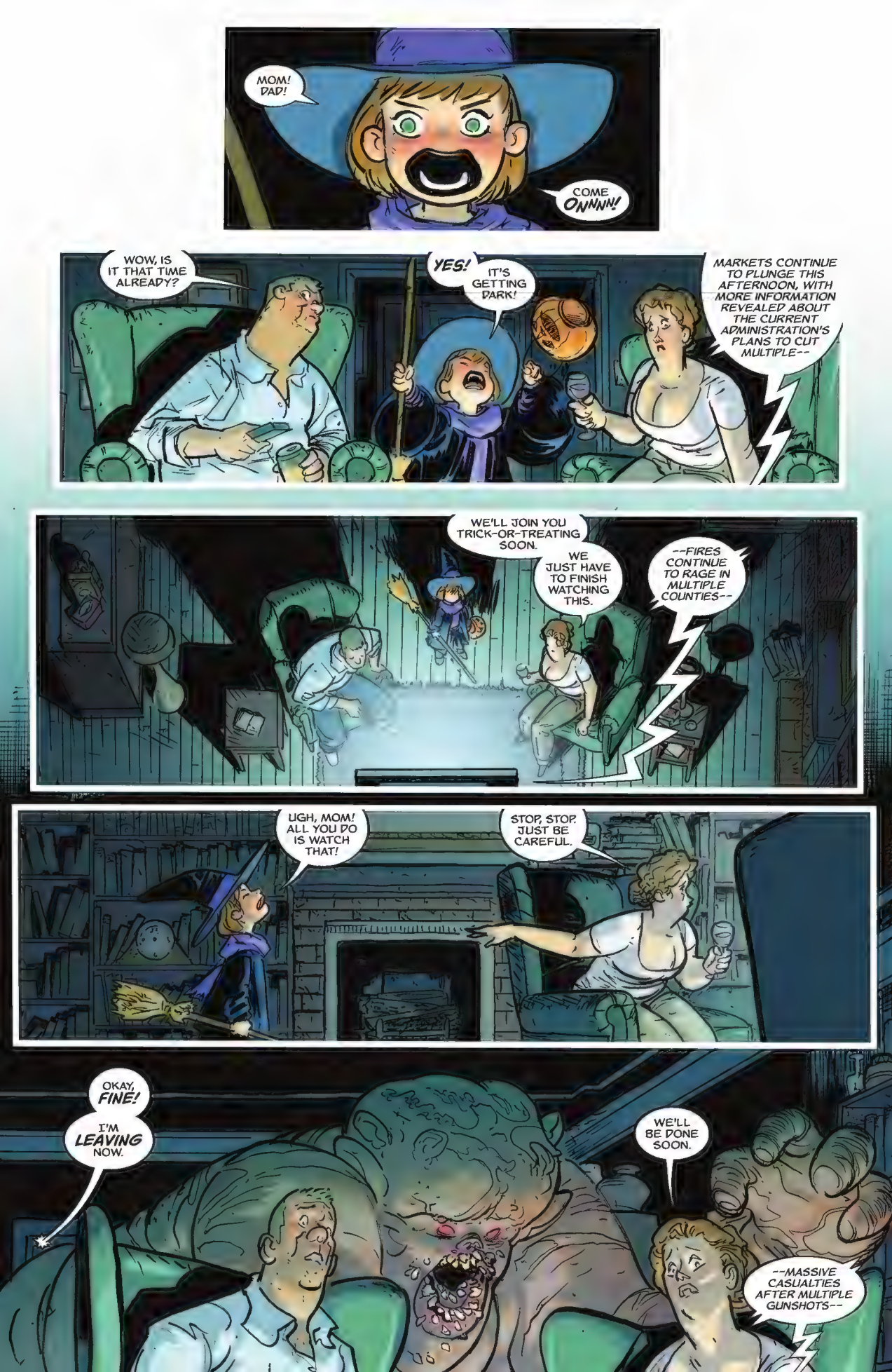
STORY: ROBERTO RECCHIONI ART: GIGI CAVENAGO
LETTERS: STEVE WANDS EDITS: ANDREW MARINO

...AN ANCIENT CULT THAT WORSHIPPED THE OUROBOROS SERPENT WITH HUMAN SACRIFICES...
...AND AN EQUALLY ANCIENT ORDER OF KNIGHTS WHO OPPOSED IT...
...BOTH TRAPPED IN AN ENDLESS CYCLE OF VIOLENCE!

DISPLAYED SAMP
START :
END :
CENTRE :
SIZE :
TOTAL SIZE
LARGEST BLOCK
TOTAL
VISUAL CLUE 03
SYS
VERIFIED
DO YOU ALSO NOTICE A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE, MASTER BRUCE?

...I AM NOT A PRISONER OF ANY CYCLE.




MOM! DAD!
COME ONNNN!
WOW, IS IT THAT TIME ALREADY?
YES! IT'S GETTING DARK!
MARKETS CONTINUE TO PLUNGE THIS AFTERNOON, WITH MORE INFORMATION REVEALED ABOUT THE CURRENT ADMINISTRATION'S PLANS TO CUT MULTIPLE--
WE'LL JOIN YOU TRICK-OR-TREATING SOON.
WE JUST HAVE TO FINISH WATCHING THIS.
--FIRES CONTINUE TO RAGE IN MULTIPLE COUNTIES--
UGH, MOM! ALL YOU DO IS WATCH THAT!
STOP, STOP. JUST BE CAREFUL.
OKAY, FINE!
I'M LEAVING NOW.
WE'LL BE DONE SOON.
--MASSIVE CASUALTIES AFTER MULTIPLE GUNSHOTS--

HEY, RIVERS!
HEY, RALPHIE.
WHERE ARE YOUR PARENTS?
WATCHING TV.
AGAIN.
MINE TOO.
HEY GUYS.
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE HIGH ROLLER?
FULL-SIZE CANDY BARS?
WHERE, SAMANTHA?!
JUST DOWN THE STREET.
I HEAR HE'S IN A FUNNY OUTFIT, THOUGH.
PLEASE. IT'S HALLOWEEN.
PROBABLY JUST TRYING TO IMPRESS US--
HELLO, CHILDREN!
RIP
DWJ

UM... HI.
PLEASE HELP YOURSELF! I ALWAYS SAY, ONLY THE BEST FOR HALLOWEEN!
UM...I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BRAND BEFORE.
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S BRAND-NEW!
THE BRIGHTEST MINDS IN SCIENCE HAVE HELPED ME DEVELOP NEW TECH--NEW TASTES TO ENRICH YOUR TONGUES!
IT DOES SMELL AMAZING...
CHOM
OH-- OH WOW! OH MY GOD!
YOU GUYTH GOTHA THRY THITH--
WELL, DANG, ALL RIGHT THEN!
MAYBE JUST A NIBBLE.
CHEW
RALPHIE, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING!
RIGHT, RIVERS?
WOW! THIS IS--
UH...

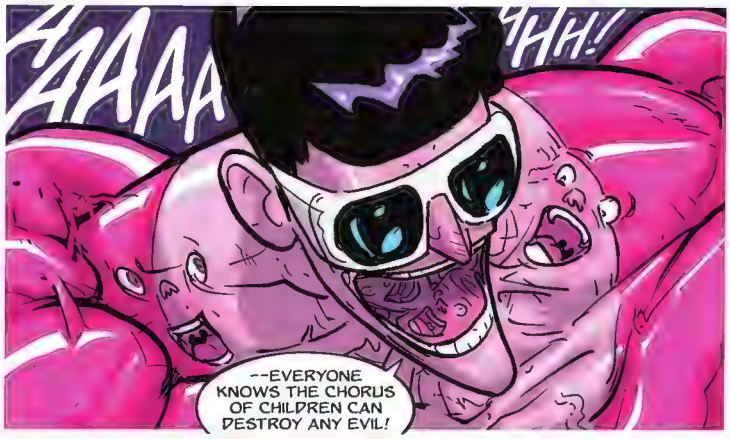
GUYTH?
WHATTHS HAPPENGTH?
IT'S ALL RIGHT! DON'T BE SCARED!
OH MY GOD!
THIS IS ALL PART OF THE PROCESS! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST--
WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!
OH MAN--OH NO--
MY DAD'S GONNA KILL YOU!
I WELCOME HIM TRYING-- AFTER WE'RE FINISHED--I PROMISE!
WHOA.
SLRRRRRRP

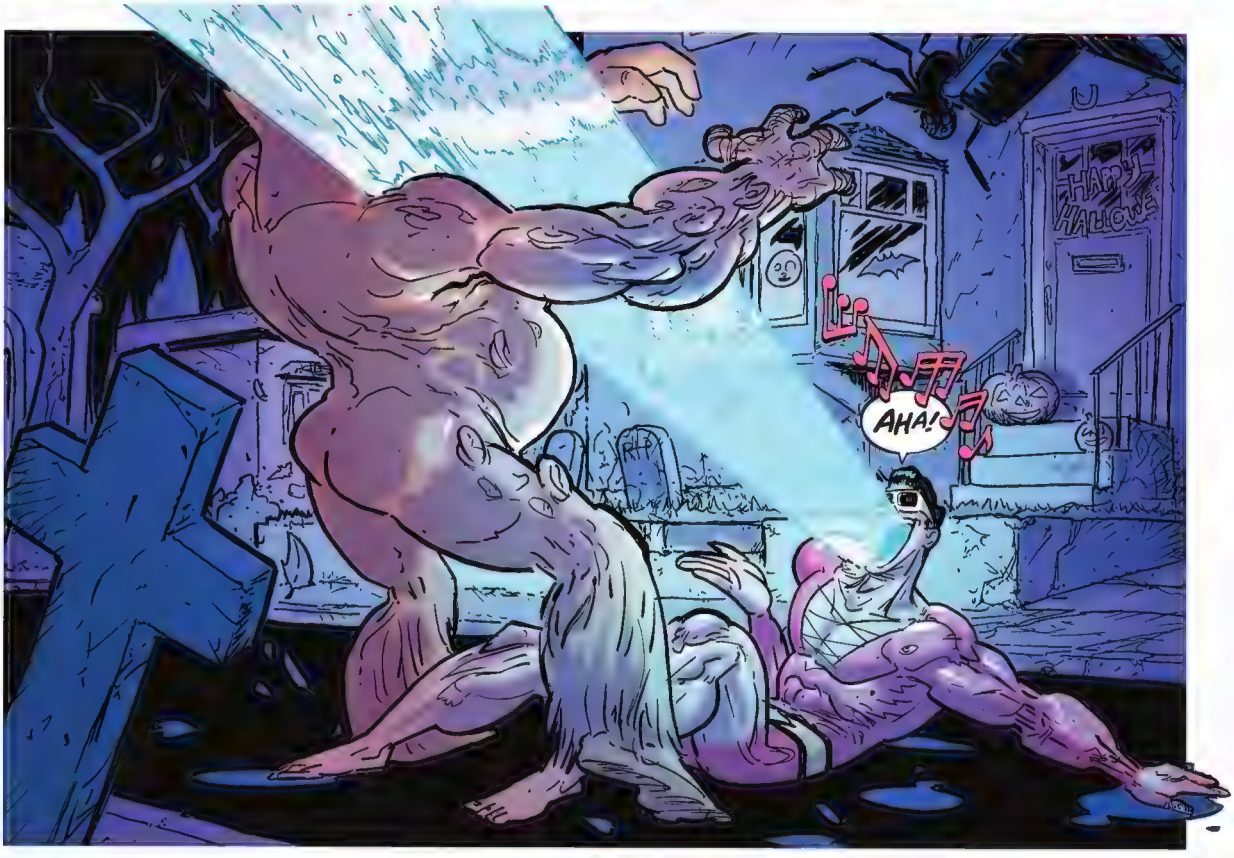
I KNOW THIS IS SCARY.
SLPPOKEEPPPP
BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN HELP.
WHAT WE'RE FACING IS TOO POWERFUL FOR ME TO DEFEAT ON MY OWN.

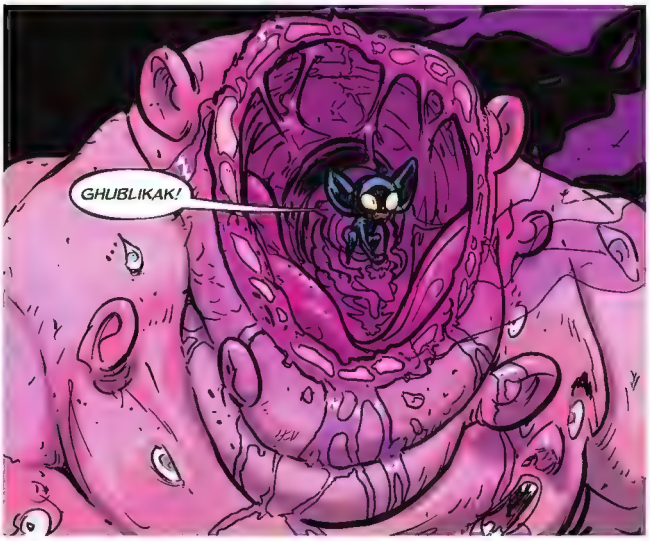
GRAAAAAH!
AIIEEEEEEEE!
MOM! DAD!
LET'S DO THIS--
BOOM!

AGH...TOO STRONG!
NEED... MORE...
...CHILDREN!
BOOM
KRAK
--IT'S TOO MUCH--
--WE CAN'T KEEP YOU SAFE--
--WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN WE'RE GONE?
...MOM...
KIDS, QUICK! SING!

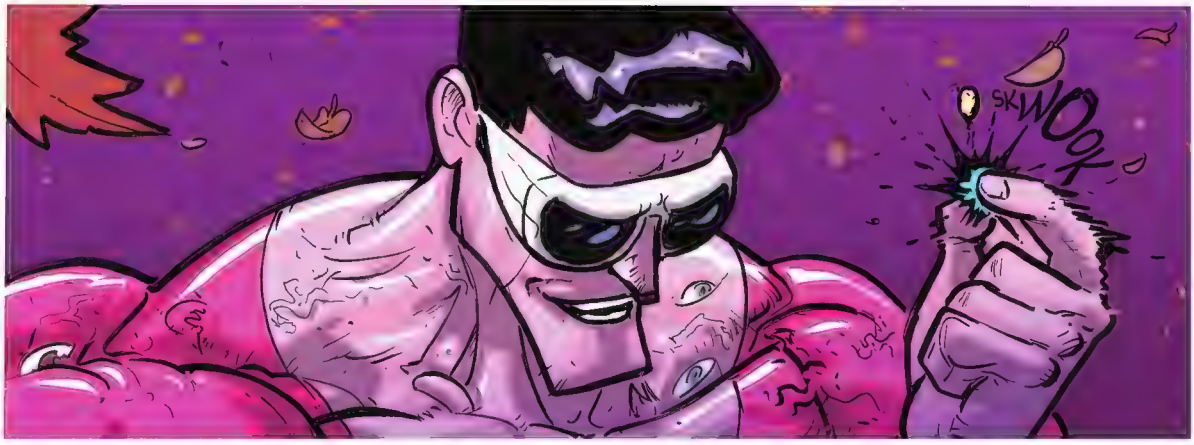
WHA-- I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SING!
DOESN'T MATTER! EVEN OFF PITCH--


AAAA
HH!
--EVERYONE KNOWS THE CHORUS OF CHILDREN CAN DESTROY ANY EVIL!


AHA!
HAPPY HALLOWE
RIP


GHUBLIKAK!

THERE YOU ARE.
GAK! GAK GAK GAK--


SKWOOK

SQWUA-TAAA

I'M SORRY FOR TRICKING YOU BEFORE.

MOM! DAD!
RIVERS! THANK GOD!
FULL-SIZE BARS
DANIEL WARREN JOHNSON WRITER
INAKI AZPIAZU COLORIST
RILEY ROSSMO ARTIST
TOM NAPOLITANO LETTERER
ANDREW MARINO EDITOR
HALLOWEEN
YOU CAN SEE NOW WHY I NEEDED YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE.
CAN WE GO TRICK-OR-TREATING NOW?
THE END.

In Skartaris, the sun never sets...
...and the fight never ends.
THEY ARE TRYING TO KILL US!
GRAAH!
STAY CLOSE, AND I'LL HAVE US OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME...
...I'VE DONE THIS SORT OF THING A THOUSAND TIMES.
RAAARH!
BY THE WAY, YOU MAY HEARD OF ME.
MY NAME IS TRAVIS, BUT THE LEGENDS CALL ME...
...The Warlord and I would have it no other way.

Ever since he was a boy, Travis Morgan dreamed of flying.

Growing up on Errol Flynn, John Wayne and Gary Cooper...

...he dreamed of being more than a man.

He wanted to be a patriot of liberty.

A hero.

Saving damsels.

Killing bad guys.

But real life fell short.

Hunting with his dad didn't do it.

Having a family didn't do it.

Joining the Air Force Academy didn't do it.

Dropping bombs over Vietnam didn't do it.

And spying on the Soviets didn't do it.

When he crash-landed in Skartaris, it felt like destiny.

He was born for this.

YOU'RE SAVED, MISS!

MISS?

In Skartaris, the sun never sets...

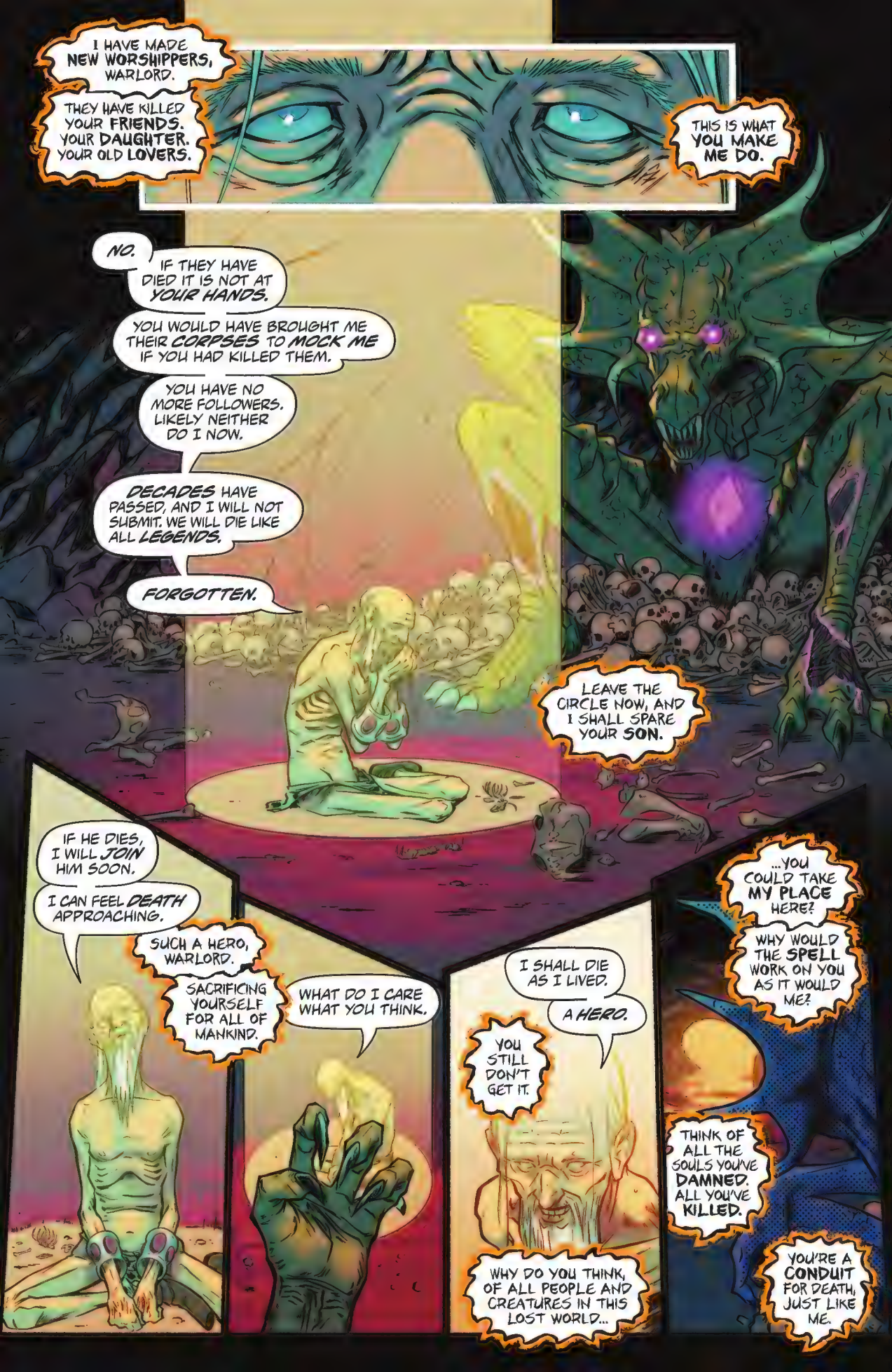
...and darkness is a place you find...

...or a fate that finds you.

DAMN IT, TRAVIS, WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO THIS TIME?
‹HE SAVED ME! RECLAIMED YOUR TEMPLE FOR US.›
‹AND WHEN THE LIGHT OF YOUR ROCK SHIMMERED UPON OUR NECKS, WE KNEW.›
‹HE WAS THE ONE...›
LADY, WHOEVER YOU ARE PRAYING TO, I'VE GOT BAD NEWS.
I'VE SEEN THIS SORT OF THING PLAY OUT A HUNDRED TIMES, AND IT NEVER GOES WELL FOR YOU LOT.
‹FINALLY SOMEONE WORTHY OF YOUR TITLE›.
‹THE TIME HAS COME, AND WE SUBMIT. OUR FLESH IS YOURS TO CLAIM BACK YOUR POWER.›
‹AND SOON, YOU CAN RECLAIM THIS LAND FOR ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS!›
YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
‹THE ROCK HAS SPOKEN!›
‹THE ROCK HAS SPOKEN!›
TO HELL WITH THIS!
LET ME GUESS. YOU WANT TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD.

I CRAVE WHAT YOU CRAVE, TRAVIS MORGAN.
TO FIGHT FOR THE FREEDOM OF MY PEOPLE. TO FREE THE POWERLESS AND KILL THOSE WHO STAND IN THEIR WAY.
IT IS WHAT I WAS BORN TO DO! JUST LIKE YOU...
...BEFORE THE AGE OF MAN, I WAS THE LEGEND OF SKARTARIS!
THEN THOSE DAMNED WIZARDS OF ATLANTIS BOUND ME TO THIS STONE PRISON.
AND WITHOUT MY PROTECTION, YOU HUMANS TOOK THE LAND FROM US!
I'LL SHOW YOU LEGEND!
I'VE KILLED HUNDREDS OF SCARIER LOOKING THINGS THAN YOU WITH LESS THAN THIS.
SO YOU HAVE! YOU AND I ARE ONE AND THE SAME.
IT HAS TAKEN CENTURIES, BUT FINALLY, YOU HAVE COME!
SOMEONE WORTHY OF TAKING ON THE CURSE BESTOWED UPON ME.
I'M NOT GOING DOWN WITHOUT A FIGHT!
STEP OUTSIDE THAT CIRCLE, AND YOU WILL COMPLETE THE RITUAL.
OUR MINDS AND SOULS WILL SWITCH BODIES, AND I SHALL RECLAIM MY PLACE IN THIS LAND.
AND THE TRUE HERO OF SKARTARIS SHALL FINALLY RETURN!

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN NOW? WEEKS? MONTHS? A YEAR?
GIVE UP, TRAVIS MORGAN.
I WOULD RATHER DIE HERE THAN LET A BEAST LIKE YOU OUT INTO SKARTARIS.
YOU ARE THE BEAST OF SKARTARIS.
HOW MANY HAVE YOU KILLED NOT KNOWING THEIR NAME, FAMILY, OR STORY?
Glug Glug Glug
THIS LAND WAS MINE LONG BEFORE IT WAS YOURS.
I AM THE HERO OF SKARTARIS.
YOU ARE THE HERO OF ITS COLONIZERS.
HERO? WHAT SORT OF HERO ASKS THEIR FOLLOWERS TO DIE FOR A CHANCE AT LIFE?
YOU THINK YOUR FOLLOWERS WOULD NOT SACRIFICE EVERYTHING TO ENSURE YOUR SAFE RETURN?
I WILL NEVER SUBMIT!
THEN WE SHALL BOTH DIE.
AND ALL OF MY PEOPLE WILL HAVE DIED FOR NOTHING.


I HAVE MADE NEW WORSHIPPERS, WARLORD.
THEY HAVE KILLED YOUR FRIENDS. YOUR DAUGHTER. YOUR OLD LOVERS.
THIS IS WHAT YOU MAKE ME DO.
NO.
IF THEY HAVE DIED IT IS NOT AT YOUR HANDS.
YOU WOULD HAVE BROUGHT ME THEIR CORPSES TO MOCK ME IF YOU HAD KILLED THEM.
YOU HAVE NO MORE FOLLOWERS. LIKELY NEITHER DO I NOW.
DECADES HAVE PASSED, AND I WILL NOT SUBMIT. WE WILL DIE LIKE ALL LEGENDS.
FORGOTTEN.
LEAVE THE CIRCLE NOW, AND I SHALL SPARE YOUR SON.
IF HE DIES, I WILL JOIN HIM SOON.
I CAN FEEL DEATH APPROACHING.
SUCH A HERO, WARLORD.
SACRIFICING YOURSELF FOR ALL OF MANKIND.
WHAT DO I CARE WHAT YOU THINK.
I SHALL DIE AS I LIVED.
A HERO.
YOU STILL DON'T GET IT.
WHY DO YOU THINK, OF ALL PEOPLE AND CREATURES IN THIS LOST WORLD...
...YOU COULD TAKE MY PLACE HERE?
WHY WOULD THE SPELL WORK ON YOU AS IT WOULD ME?
THINK OF ALL THE SOULS YOU'VE DAMNED. ALL YOU'VE KILLED.
YOU'RE A CONDUIT FOR DEATH, JUST LIKE ME.

YOU'RE A **REAPER.**

EVERYWHERE YOU GO, **BODIES** FOLLOW.

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE ALL YOUR KILLS **JUSTIFIED?**

WHEN SKARTARIS FOUND US, IT FOUND WHAT IT HAD BEEN **LOOKING FOR** ALL OF THIS TIME.

THE EMBODIMENT OF ITS VERY ID. NEITHER HERO NOR MAN NOR BEAST.

THIS WORLD HAS KEPT YOU YOUNG **FOR A REASON.**

UNTETHERED TO THE PASSING OF TIME SINCE 1969.

AND YOU HAVE PAID IT FORWARD BY UNLEASHING A **MASSACRE** ON LIFE. ALL IN THE NAME OF **FREEDOM.**

NO MATTER HOW MANY YOU HAVE **FREED** OR **SAVED,** YOU HAVE WROUGHT **MORE DEAD** THAN I EVER ACHIEVED.

AND UPON THE **SOUL OF A GRAVEYARD** LIKE **YOURS,** I FINALLY HAVE A CHANCE AT **LIFE!**

WITH YOUR FINAL BREATH...

...WHAT MAKES **YOU** THE **HERO** AND NOT **I?**

SO TELL ME ONE LAST TIME, OH MIGHTY WARLORD...

WE ARE BOTH THE GREAT **BLOODLETTERS** OF THIS LAND. YOU FOR YOUR PEOPLE, AND ME FOR MINE.

YOU ARE **MY BROTHER,** MORGAN.

"THE HERO?"

"THE HERO?"

"THE HERO?"

RETURN TO YOUR VILLAGE AND CARRY THE WORD TO ***ALL!***

TELL THEM OF THE ***DREAM*** WE HAD OF A WORLD...

...WHERE MEN ARE ***FREE*** AND ***JUSTICE*** MEANS ***JUSTICE FOR ALL!***

IF OUR CAUSE FAILS ON THE BATTLEFIELD, IT WILL LIVE ON IN YOU!

NOW, ***GO!***

WHO WAS THE ***BOY,*** MORGAN?

THAT'S THE ***FUTURE*** OF THIS BLOODY WORLD!

COME ON, MACHISTE, WE'VE GOT A ***BATTLE*** TO FIGHT!

I HAVE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT.
I AM AN OLD DYING MAN NOW. IF MY BODY BECOMES YOURS, IT SHALL DIE SOON, NONETHELESS.
SO WHETHER WHAT YOU HAVE CLAIMED PROVES TRUE OR NOT, WITH MY DYING BREATH I SHALL MAKE SURE...
...YOU DIE TOO!
RAAARH!
NOOO!
AGKKK!
I JUST WANT TO LIVE AGAIN!
TO SEE THE SUN OF SKARTARIS! TO ESCAPE THIS PRISON OF DARKNESS.
TO TASTE THE FOOD OF MY LAND, INDULGE IN THE PLEASURES OF FLESH! TO
SKRASH!
MY BEAUTIFUL LOST WORLD.
In skartaris, the sun never sets...
...and the fight never ends.
The Warlord would have it no other way.
End.
IN YOUR EYES
Written by ALEX GALER
Illustrated by DANIEL BAYLISS
Colored by MATT HERMS
Lettered by FERRAN DELGADO
Edited by MICHAEL McCALISTER
The WARLORD created by MIKE GRELL

GOTHAM CITY.
SPARE A DIME, PAL?
THAT'S IT. KEEP ON WALKIN'. NOTHIN' FOR THE LIKES OF US.
I'D EXPECT NOTHING LESS-- FROM JASON BLOOD!
HOW DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
WHAT ASSASSIN DOESN'T DO THEIR 'OMEWORK, EH?
NAMES HAVE POWER, JASE. ESPECIALLY YOURS.
SSWUMP
NUAAARGH!
AWW. SORRY, YER 'IGHNESS. DID THAT 'URT? DID IT STING?
GOOD.

HIGHNESS? HATE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, IMP--
PLUT
SLKKK
--BUT YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN.
HKK--
NOT FROM WHERE I'M STANDING.
RUGGED GOOD LOOKS? ARROGANT AS THE WIZARD WHO BOUND HIM? GUILTY AS CHARGED, I'D SAY.
NO MORE GAMES, HELLION. SHOW YOURSELF!
HEH. WONDERED WHEN YOU'D WAKE UP AND SMELL THE BRIMSTONE.
THE KING IS DEAD, PRETENDER TO THE THRONE--
--AND YOU'RE THE NEXT IN LINE!

NNGG--
I'VE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
DON'T WORRY, YOUR MAJESTY--
--YOU'LL SOON GET THE POINT.
YOW! WATCH WHO YOU'RE STICKIN', MALGRA! THAT'S MY SPLEEN!
STRAK
THIS ENDS-- NOW!
SLUKK
TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH.
THUK
PAH! IS THAT IT? I THOUGHT YOU'D LAST LONGER.
AS THE SUCCUBUS SAID TO THE BISHOP.
WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT NAMES AND POWER? IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT...
BEGONE, THOU PUNY FORM OF MAN, AND RISE THE DEMON--

--ETRIGAN!
OH, BEELZEBUB'S WOBBLY BITS.
THAT'S TORN IT!

FWOOSH
I'LL DO WORSE than tear, FOOLISH SPRITE...
...I'LL SCORCH AND REND TO END THIS FIGHT.
IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE? I EXPECTED MORE FROM MERLIN'S FAMILIAR.
AND TO THINK YOUR RIVALS WERE WORRIED. PATHETIC.
AAAH!
SLICKK
YOUR WORDS CUT DEEP, YOUR BLADE EVEN MORE SO...
...BUT SPEAK AGAIN AND MY VENGEANCE YOU'LL--
BOK
--KNAAARGH!
HERE IT COMES.

What...what is happening?!
NO MORE RHYMES? ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE FAKING IT!
LET'S PUT IT IN TERMS YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, SHAKESPEARE.
THE SEVENTH DUKE OF HELL IS DEAD, OH TRAGIC AFFAIR...YET LIKE THE MUPPET HE WAS, NAMED YOU AS HIS HEIR.
I CRAVE NO TITLES, ONLY TREACHERY THEY BRING.
A CROWN IS NAUGHT BUT A SHACKLE--I'LL BE NO ONE'S KING.
WSSH
SUITS ME--THOUGH MY EMPLOYERS WILL WANT TO BE SURE--
--LEST POWER GOES TO MY HEAD... AND I BREAK DOWN THEIR DOOR.
KRRSH
BEST KILL YOU NOW, BEFORE YOU GET IDEAS ABOVE YOUR STATION--
--AND BUTCHER THEM ALL ON THE DAY OF MY CORONATION.
I TAKE IT BACK. RHYMING'S FUN. KINDA FLIRTY. ARE WE GONNA MAKE OUT?
EW.

ON SECOND THOUGHTS, BEST NOT.
IT'S NOT LIKE WE'LL HAVE CHANCE TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
THE OTHER PRINCES WON'T REST UNTIL THEY HAVE YOUR HEAD ON A *SPIKE*.
IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, LOVER BOY.
JUST DOING MY JOB.
I UNDERSTAND FULL WELL, 'TIS A VICTORY MOST FAIR.
NOW CLAIM YOUR THRONE-- MY CONQUEROR AND *HEIR*.
I'M SORRY--
--WHAT?!

CRISSSSHH!
NNG--
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU MALEVOLENT DEMON?!
PASSED THE CROWN TO M'LADY. SEEMED THE LEAST I COULD DO--
--THOUGH YOUR REIGN WILL BE SHORT ONCE THE DUKES COME FOR YOU!
NO--
I DON'T WANT IT.
GET IT OFF.
GET IT OFF!

DON'T WORK LIKE THAT, YER 'IGHNESS.
THE DUKES' BIDDIN'.
LET'S TAKE HER 'EAD BEFORE THE OTHERS OPEN A PORTAL FROM HELL!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
GAH! TOO LATE. THEY'RE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY. BLEEDIN' OPPORTUNISTS!
VOOSH
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING.
ETRIGAN! NAME YOUR PRICE. ANYTHING YOUR BLACKENED HEART DESIRES.
JUST HELP ME.
THIS HEART, MALGRA? SO WITHERED AND MEAN.
I HAVE ONE THING TO SAY--

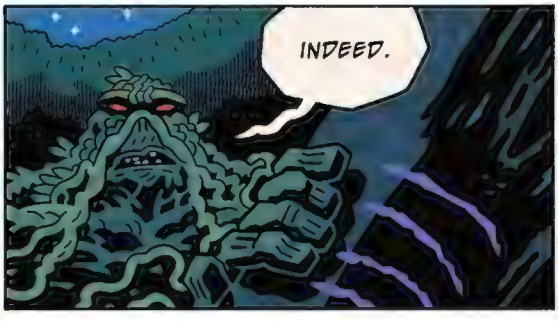
--LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!
PAK
NO! ETRIGAN--
CURSE YOU.
CURSE YOUUUUUU!
a hex? on me? with your final breath?
should've learned by now, at point of death.
any curse rebounds on those who plan,
to slay the demon, etrigan.
THE DEMON IN
Splitting Heirs
CAVAN SCOTT - WRITER
DON AGUILLO - ART AND COLOR
MICAH MYERS - LETTERS
MICHAEL McCALISTER - EDITOR

# SWAMP THING + CONSTANTINE

"WHAT A HORRIBLE NIGHT TO HAVE A CURSE"
ANDREW MACLEAN
Art, Story, Letters
JORDIE BELLAIRE
Colors
ANDREW MARINO
Edits
I AM ONE WITH MY FOREST.
I BREATHE THROUGH A NETWORK OF ROOTS AND MYCELIUM.
SKRITCH
KRSNAP
I FEEL THE BREEZE IN MY BRANCHES, EVERY FOOTFALL IN MY FERNS.
I LOSE MYSELF, FORGETTING WHERE I END AND THE FOREST BEGINS...
AHWOOOOO
UNTIL SOMETHING WAKES ME UP.

OI...
BLOODY HELL!
JOHN CONSTANTINE...
...YOU BEAR SUPERNATURAL WOUNDS.
JOHN IS AN OLD FRIEND, IF YOU CAN CALL HIM THAT. ONE OF THE FEW WHO REFERS TO THEMSELF AS HUMAN...

OR DID... UNTIL TONIGHT.




WE BOTH KNOW THE SCRATCHES ON JOHN'S CHEST DOOM HIM TO A LIFE OF LYCANTHROPY...

...BUT NEITHER OF US CAN BRING OURSELVES TO SPEAK OF IT.
YOUR WEREWOLF WENT THIS WAY. I WILL HELP YOU FIND IT.
I TRIED TO HELP THE POOR THING! EXORCISM TO BREAK THE CURSE. BLOOD OF A SIRING WEREWOLF. I EVEN THREW AN IRON CROSS O'ER ITS HEAD.
BOLLOCKS! JUSSA BUNCHA OLE-TIMEY FOLKLORE RUBBISH!
I'VE NEVER SEEN JOHN CONSTANTINE SO DESPERATE.

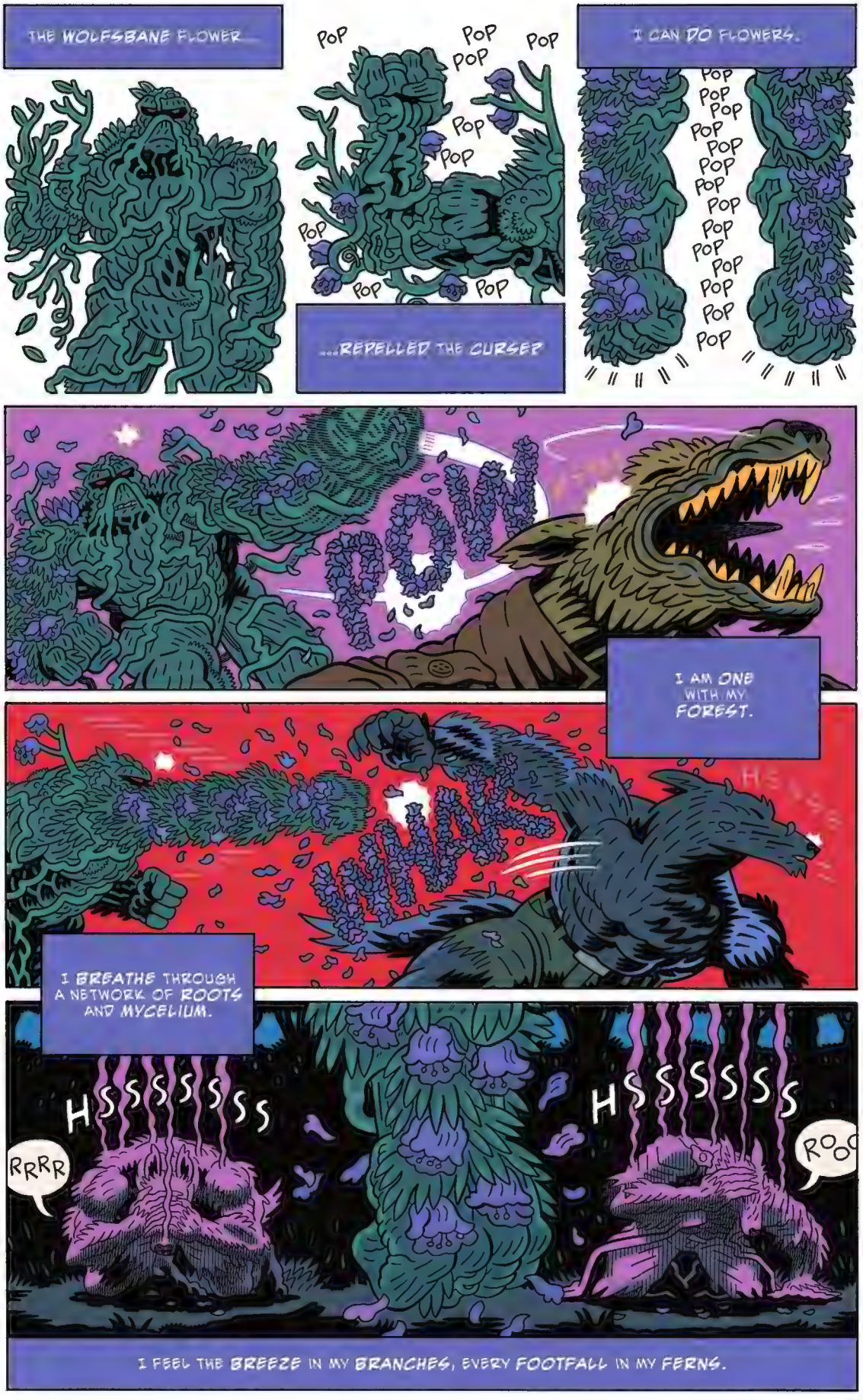
LOOK, WE BOTH KNOW WHAT MY WOUNDS MEAN. EVEN NOW, I FEEL THE CURSE CRAWLING THROUGH MY VEINS, TASTES LIKE METAL IN MY MOUTH!
'FORE LONG YOU'RE GONNA HAVE YERSELF TWO WEREWOLVES IN YER WOODS, SWAMPY.
JOHN...
NO! LISTEN! I DON'T WANT TO GO OUT LIKE THAT! KILLING PEOPLE... EATING PEOPLE!
MY ONLY OPTION... MY ONLY REAL OPTION... IS DEATH.
YOU HAVE TO! BUT ONLY ME, SWAMPY! ONLY ME! WHATEVER IT TAKES, YOU HAVE TO FIND A CURE FOR THE OTHER WOLF...
...I'M SORRY TO PUT THIS ON YOU, BUT YOU HAVE TO SAVE THAT WEREWOLF. HE'S JUSSA-
...
JOHN...
SHUT UP AND TAKE THIS! IT'S GOT SILVER BULLETS. WHEN THE TIME COMES, JUSS STICK 'EM IN MY HEART, MATE.
SO COLD. SO LIFELESS. I HATE IT. IF THERE WERE ANY OTHER WAY...
I-I DON'T KNOW, JOHN.
ROOT-KF!

AARGH!
ROO!
BOM
ALEC!
SWAMP THING!
HRRG!
I... NEED MORE TIME...
JOHN!
RORF!
TUMBLE
GRAH!
ROOO!
RRRIP
ROOO!
BAFF
JOHN?

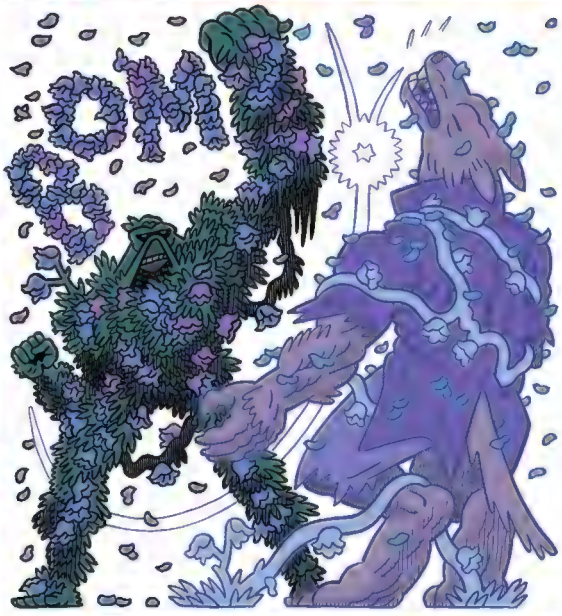
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
*HORF*
I'M LOSING CONTROL! USE THE GUN!
JOHN...
SHOOT ME, DAMMIT!
BUT SAVE THAT POOR WOLF! I'M SORRY, SWAMPY.
AHWOOOOO
JOHN!
SO COLD. SO LIFELESS.
I HATE YOU FOR THIS, JOHN CONSTANTINE.

THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY...
AND I'LL RISK DEATH TO FIND IT.
!
I'M SORRY, JOHN...
MMRF!
RRRIIP!
...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU!
RORF
POP
SNAP
POP

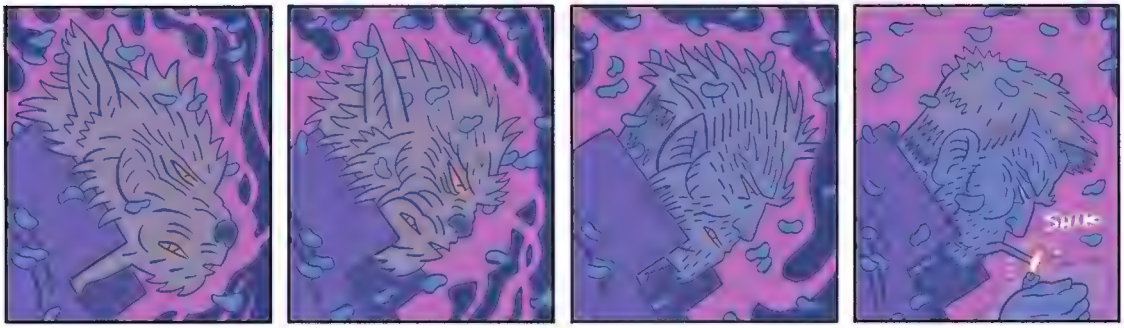
AH!
SPLORCH
OH, JOHN, WHAT A HORRIBLE NIGHT TO HAVE A CURSE.
*yelp!* WRRRR
HSSSSSSS
?!
STOMP
HSSSSSSSSSSSS

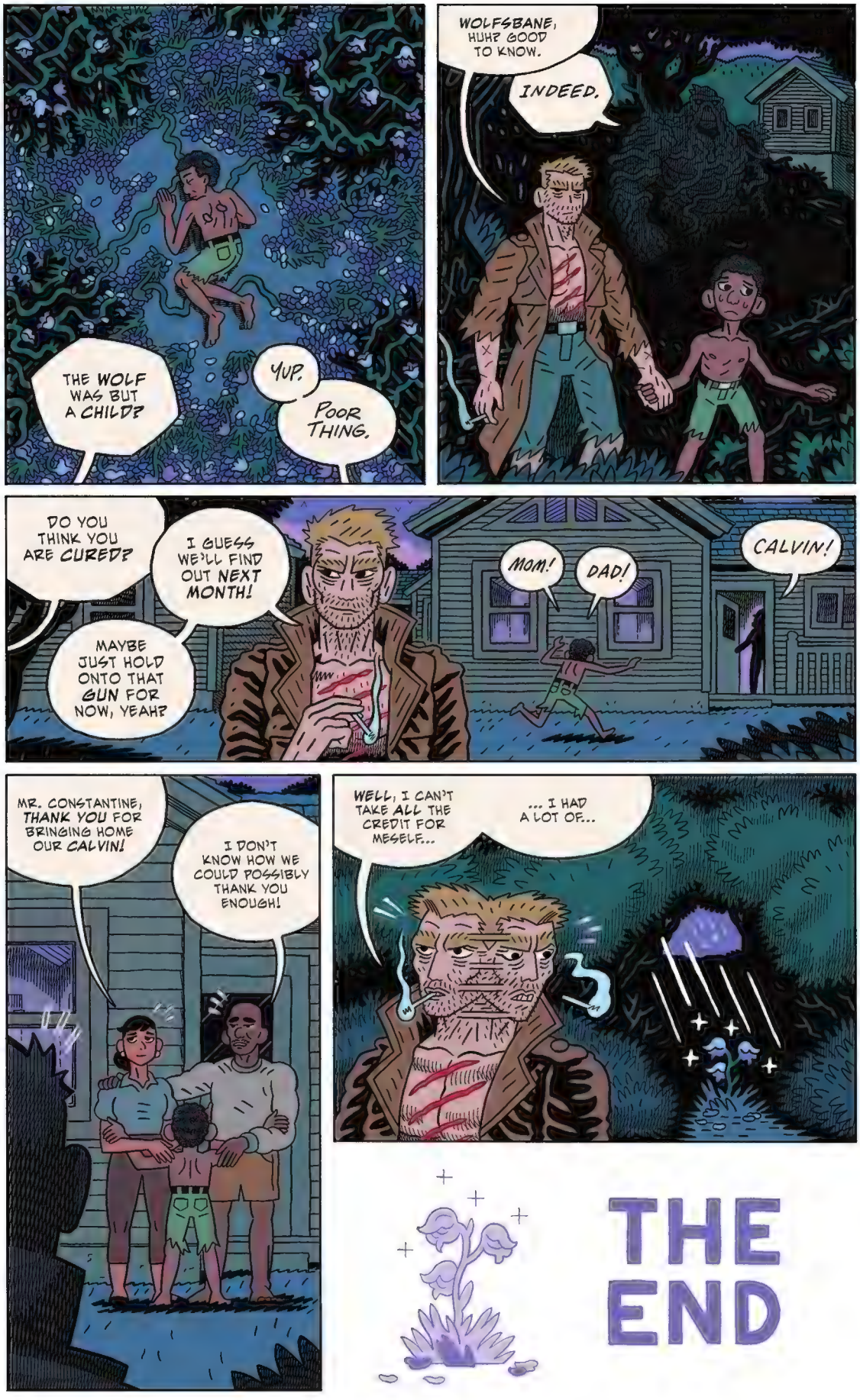

THE WOLFSBANE FLOWER
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
...REPELLED THE CURSE?
I CAN DO FLOWERS.
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP
POP

I LOSE MYSELF, FORGETTING WHERE I END AND THE FOREST BEGINS...



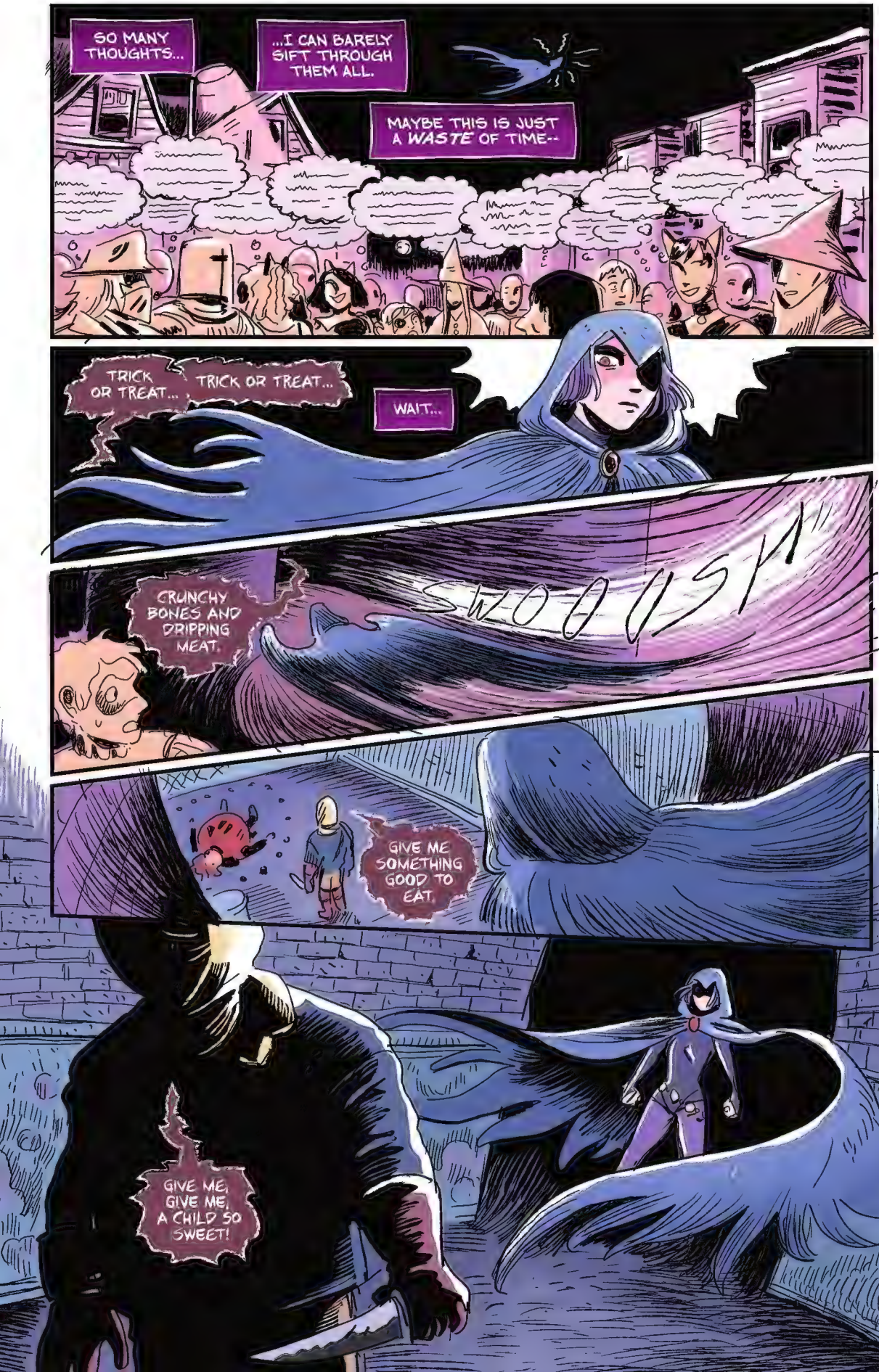

...UNTIL SOMETHING WAKES ME UP.




THE WOLF WAS BUT A CHILD?
YUP.
POOR THING.
WOLFSBANE, HUH? GOOD TO KNOW.
INDEED.
DO YOU THINK YOU ARE CURED?
I GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT NEXT MONTH!
MAYBE JUST HOLD ONTO THAT GUN FOR NOW, YEAH?
MOM!
DAD!
CALVIN!
MR. CONSTANTINE, THANK YOU FOR BRINGING HOME OUR CALVIN!
I DON'T KNOW HOW WE COULD POSSIBLY THANK YOU ENOUGH!
WELL, I CAN'T TAKE ALL THE CREDIT FOR MESELF...
... I HAD A LOT OF...
THE END

RAVEN IN
THE TRICK OR TREATER OF GLADESTONE STREET
HALLOWEEN... A RIDICULOUS HOLIDAY.
GARISH COSTUMES.
SCREAMING CHILDREN, STICKY WITH SUGAR AND CANDY.
BUT BENEATH THE CHILDISH LUNACY, SOMETHING TEEMS IN THE DARKNESS UNDERNEATH.
NOT THAT THIS STOPPED THE REST OF THE TITANS FROM TAKING THE NIGHT OFF OF PATROLS TO CELEBRATE.
UGH.
WHATEVER. I SHOULD JUST MOVE ON--
YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME!
MA'AM, I'M SORRY. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR FAIRYTALES.
NO, WAIT, PLEASE!
MY CHILD IS MISSING!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

YOU...YOU'RE A SUPERHERO, YOU CAN HELP ME!
I CAN TRY.
MY CHILD WAS TAKEN BY THE TRICK OR TREATER OF GLADESTONE STREET!
...THE WHO?
THE TRICK OR TREATER OF GLADESTONE STREET.
PEOPLE THINK IT'S JUST AN OLD STORY, BUT IT'S TRUE!
1955
EVERY HALLOWEEN NIGHT...
...A STRANGE MASKED CHILD APPEARS.
1931
NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THEY COME FROM NOR WHERE THEY GO WHEN DAY COMES.
YEAR AFTER YEAR, A CHILD IS STOLEN.
NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
1996
AND NOW THEY'VE TAKEN MY LITTLE PIPER!
RIGHT... AND ARE YOU SURE YOUR DAUGHTER ISN'T JUST WITH HER FRIENDS?
LOOK, I DON'T NEED YOU TO BELIEVE ME...
I JUST NEED YOU TO FIND HER!
THE OFFICER IS MOST LIKELY RIGHT.
THE KID IS PROBABLY JUST SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, EATING ENOUGH CANDY TO MAKE HERSELF SICK.
BUT SOMETHING ABOUT SEEING THAT PHOTO...
ABOUT A MOTHER LOOKING FOR HER DAUGHTER...
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.


SO MANY THOUGHTS...
...I CAN BARELY SIFT THROUGH THEM ALL.
MAYBE THIS IS JUST A WASTE OF TIME--
TRICK OR TREAT...
TRICK OR TREAT...
WAIT...
SWOOSH
CRUNCHY BONES AND DRIPPING MEAT.
GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.
GIVE ME, GIVE ME, A CHILD SO SWEET!

AN INTRUDER... BUT FAR TOO OLD.
YOU'RE NO LONGER SWEET.
LET HER GO, TRICK OR TREATER!
HMM...
IF YOU MUST INTERRUPT MY TREAT...
...THEN ENJOY MY TRICKS.

BZZZT!
HHISSSSS!
HHISSSSS!

UGH, DISGUSTING!
ENOUGH OF THIS!
BZZT!
DO YOU THINK SUCH PARLOR TRICKS WOULD FOOL ME?
I'M NOT A CHILD, I'M NOT SO EASY TO SCARE.
FRRRRRP!
WAIT...
NO...
NO, IT CAN'T BE!

TRIGON!
YOU CAN'T BE HERE!
DAUGHTER...
AGH!
DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU!
YOU DON'T SCARE ME!
YOU'RE NOT REAL...
...YOU CAN'T BE...

YOU'RE NOT REAL!
LITTLE FINGERS, TINY TOES..
...MAYBE I'LL START WITH YOUR NOSE
BZZZT!
FSSSH!

COME ON, PIPER, WAKE UP. COME ON!
WAKE UP!
KOFF KOF
TRICK OR TREAT...
...GIVE ME SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT...
NOT THIS YEAR.
HAHA!
THEN... PERHAPS NEXT TIME.

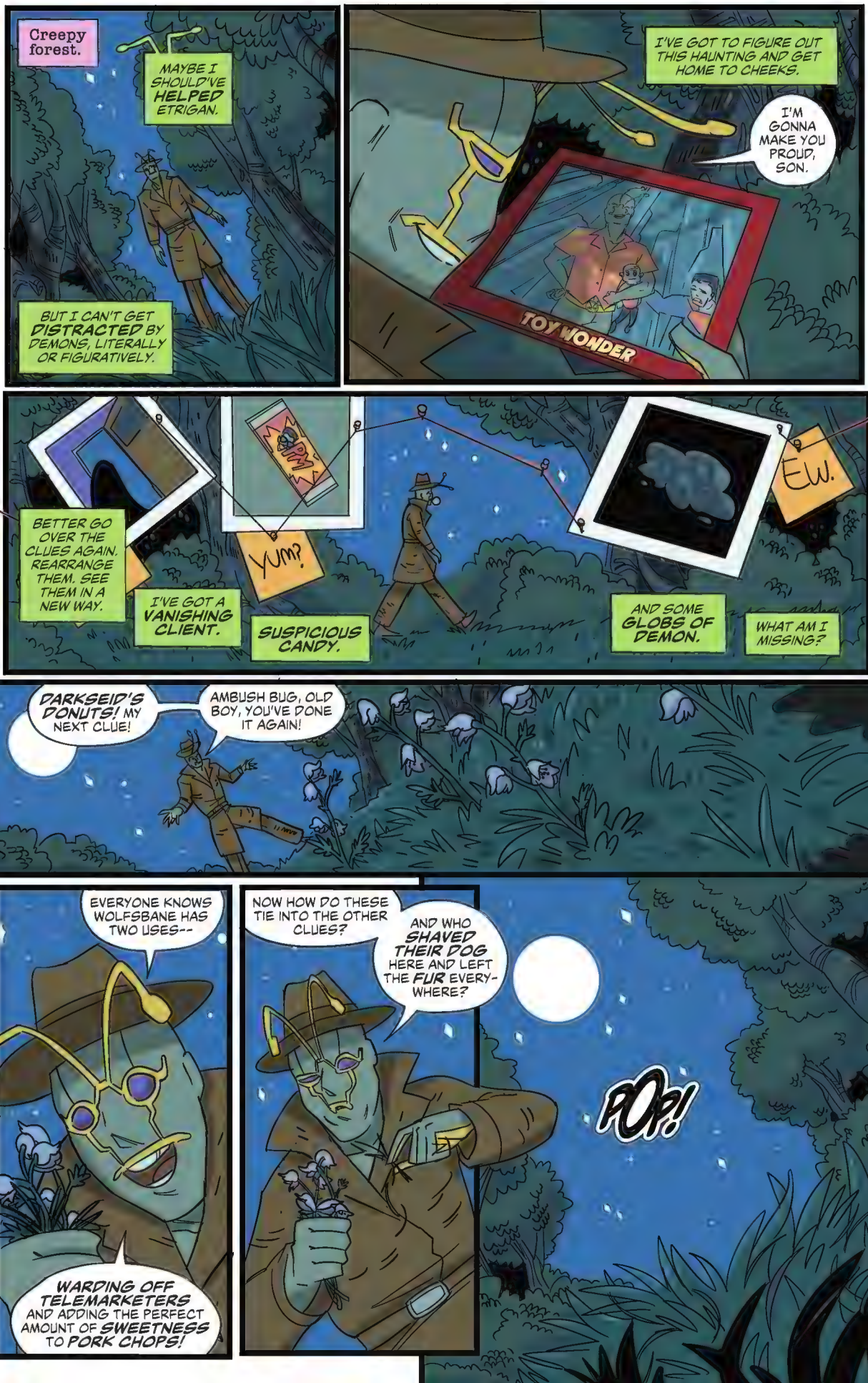
NEXT HALLOWE
HELLO, IS ANYONE HERE--
:GASP!:
MAMA!
MY BABY, OH MY BABY, MY BABY, MY BABY, MY BABY
FUTP
AND LIKE THAT, MY JOB WAS DONE.
BUT NOT WITHOUT ONE LESSON LEARNED.
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE ON HALLOWEEN.
HEY GUYS, IT'S ME.
ARE YOU STILL AT THE PARTY?
STORY & ART BY ROWAN MACCOLL
LETTERING BY FERRAN DELGADO
EDITED BY SABRINA FUTCH
RAVEN CREATED BY MARV WOLFMAN & GEORGE PÉREZ
THE END

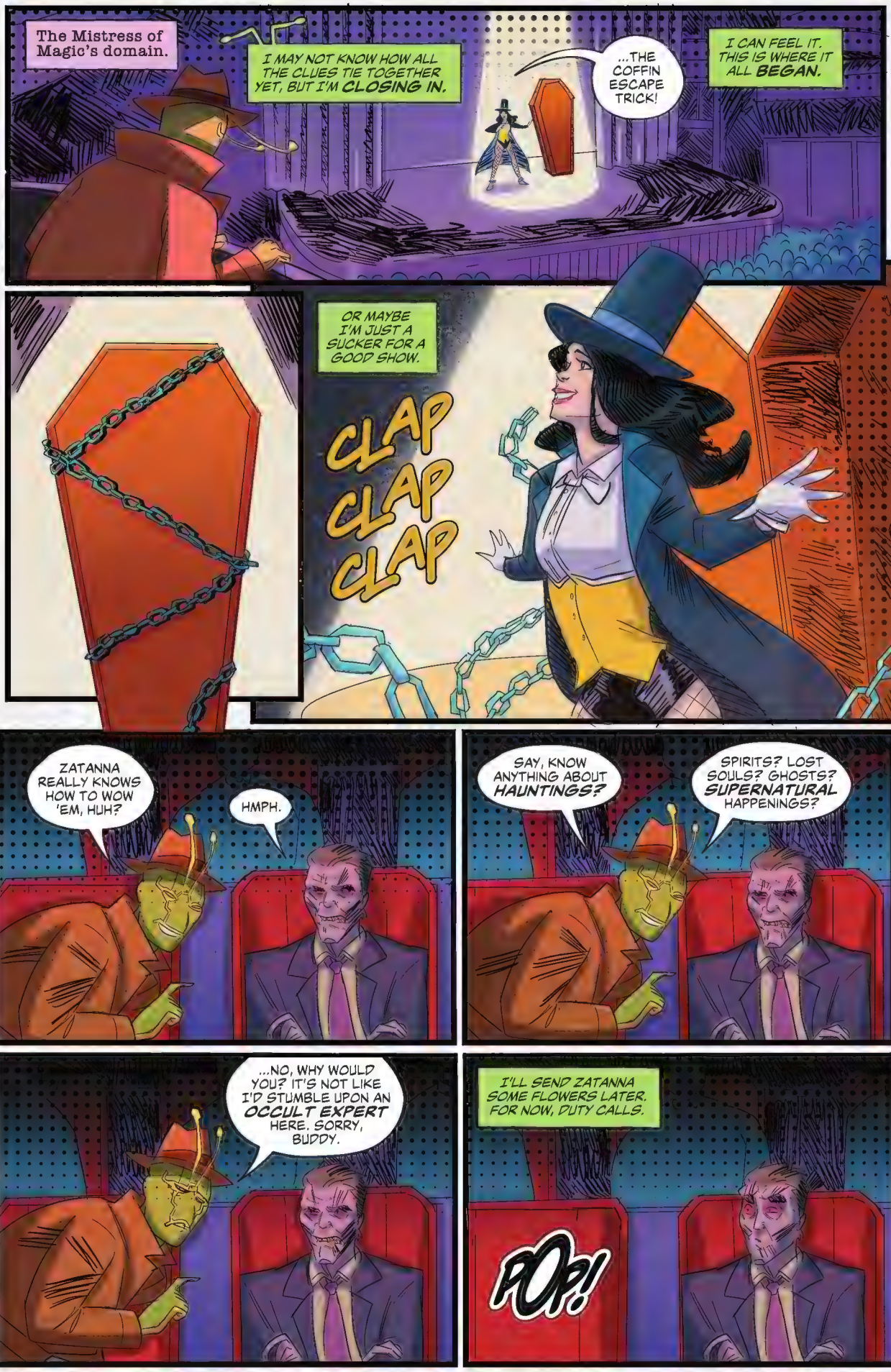
A. BUG ENTERPRISES
"SUPERHEROES OUR SPECIALTY"
I REMEMBER IT LIKE IT WAS THREE PANELS AGO.
BECAUSE IT WAS THREE PANELS AGO.
Three panels ago.
MY NEWEST CLIENT SLID INTO MY OFFICE LIKE A CASHMERE-BLEND DRESS SOCK ON FRESHLY WAXED LINOLEUM.
AMBUSH BUG, AT LAST! ONLY YOU CAN--
--EEP!
HELLO? MYSTERIOUS NEW CLIENT?
OPERATOR? BUELLER?
ANYONE?

Now.
I'D PROMISED TO TAKE MY SON, CHEEKS, TRICK-OR-TREATING.
TOY WONDER
BUT A CLIENT DISAPPEARING? SAYING ONLY I--WHAT? IT DOESN'T TAKE BRAINIAC TO FIGURE THAT ONE OUT.
ONLY I CAN SAVE THE MULTIVERSE. OBVIOUSLY.
COULD BE THE PHANTOM ZONE TEARING.
SNAP!
PLOP!
COULD BE A LUTHOR EXPERIMENT GONE HAYWIRE.
CRINKLE!
HECK, IT COULD EVEN BE OLD MXYZPTLK SNEEZING. HIS ALLERGIES ARE THE WORST.
GUMSHOE
CRANBERRY FLAVOR
CHOMP!
BUT MY GUESS GIVEN THE EVIDENCE?
A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED HAUNTING.
WHO YOU GONNA CALL?
THE HAUNTED COMIC
CALLIE C. MILLER WRITER MEGAN HUANG ARTIST
PAT BROSSEAU LETTERER SABRINA FUTCH EDITOR

CHEEKS WILL UNDERSTAND IF I'M LATE. A HAUNTED COMIC IS NO JOKE.
SNAP!
THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE DC MULTIVERSE DEPENDS ON HIS OLD MAN.
TIME TO GET TO WORK.
POP!
IN GOD
Bats' secret lair.
TO KICK THINGS OFF, I DECIDED TO POP IN ON THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE.
BATS GETS CRANKY WHEN I DON'T INCLUDE HIM.
HEY, BRUCE...
HACK SLASH
...AN ENDLESS CYCLE OF VIOLENCE!
INSTEAD OF HANDING OUT FANCY SCHMANCY RICH PEOPLE CHOCOLATES TO TRICK-OR-TREATERS, HE AND JEEVES WERE BUSY WATCHING SOME HORROR MOVIE.
GUESS THAT'S ONE WAY TO HAVE A LONG HALLOWEEN. I DECIDED TO LEAVE THEM TO IT.

A trick-or-treating gone wrong.
POP!
YEEEECH!
BOOM
GOOD THING THIS PANEL BORDER WAS HERE!
Gotham. Again. But different.
POP!
YEESH, THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE. THIS HAUNTING WON'T SOLVE ITSELF THOUGH.
WHAT'S THAT?
A-HA! MY FIRST CLUE!
I'LL SAVE THE MULTIVERSE IN NO TIME!
UGH.
SPLAT!
A LESSER DETECTIVE WOULD BE ANNOYED BY A FACE FULL OF EXPLODED IMP GOOP.
BUT A BREAK-THROUGH IN A CASE IS ALWAYS A THRILL. LIKE BEING SWALLOWED BY A GIANT KOALA, BUT FUN.
BUT HAUNTINGS ARE ALSO SUPERNATURAL SO--
BEGONE, THOU PUNY FORM OF MAN, AND RISE THE DEMON--
THAT'S A NOPE.


Creepy forest.
MAYBE I SHOULD'VE HELPED ETRIGAN.
BUT I CAN'T GET DISTRACTED BY DEMONS, LITERALLY OR FIGURATIVELY.
I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT THIS HAUNTING AND GET HOME TO CHEEKS.
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU PROUD, SON.
TOY WONDER
BETTER GO OVER THE CLUES AGAIN. REARRANGE THEM. SEE THEM IN A NEW WAY.
I'VE GOT A VANISHING CLIENT.
YUM?
SUSPICIOUS CANDY.
EW.
AND SOME GLOBS OF DEMON.
WHAT AM I MISSING?
DARKSEID'S DONUTS! MY NEXT CLUE!
AMBUSH BUG, OLD BOY, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
EVERYONE KNOWS WOLFSBANE HAS TWO USES--
WARDING OFF TELEMARKETERS AND ADDING THE PERFECT AMOUNT OF SWEETNESS TO PORK CHOPS!
NOW HOW DO THESE TIE INTO THE OTHER CLUES?
AND WHO SHAVED THEIR DOG HERE AND LEFT THE FUR EVERY-WHERE?
POP!

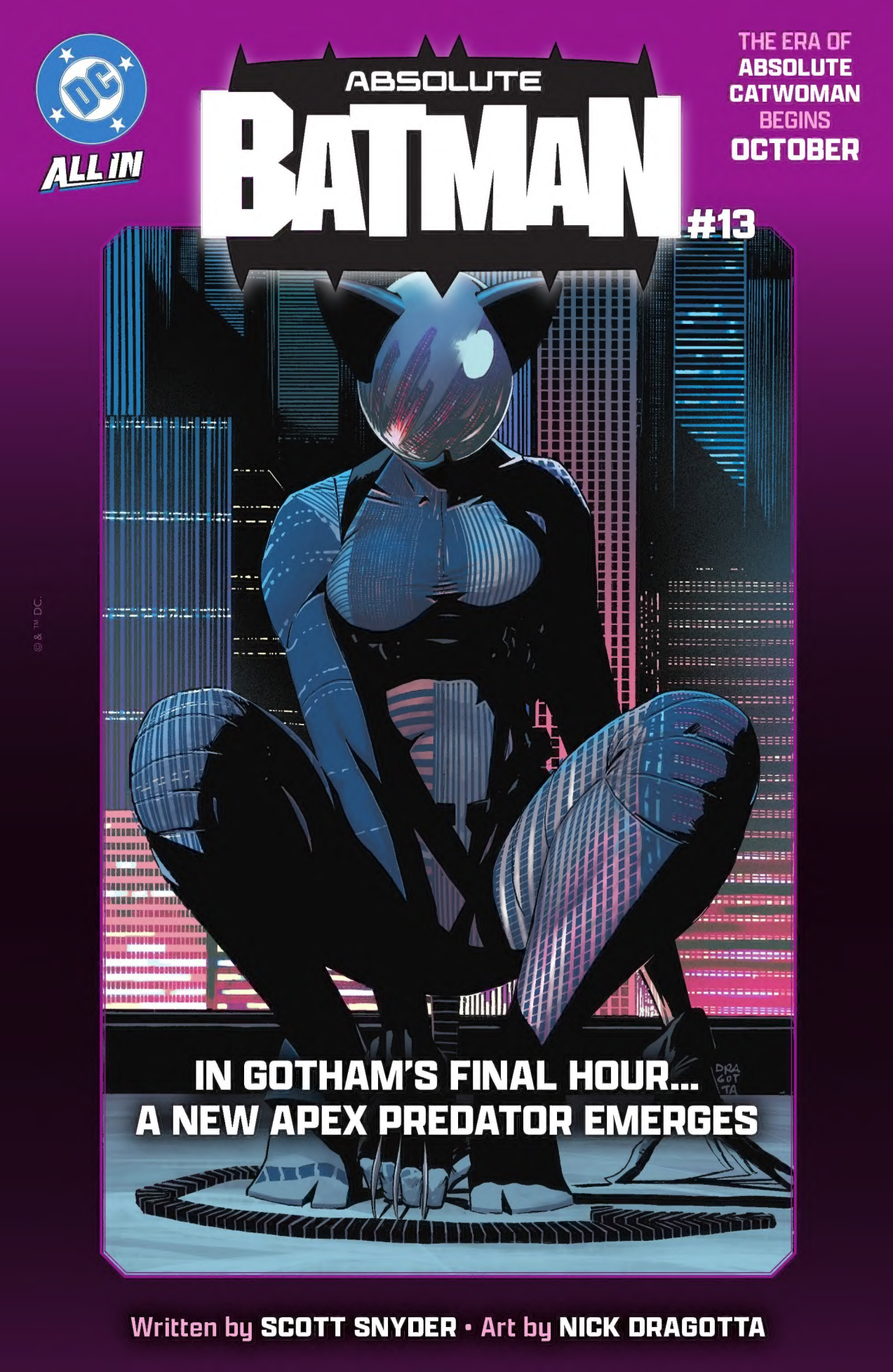

The Mistress of Magic's domain.
I MAY NOT KNOW HOW ALL THE CLUES TIE TOGETHER YET, BUT I'M CLOSING IN.
...THE COFFIN ESCAPE TRICK!
I CAN FEEL IT. THIS IS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN.
OR MAYBE I'M JUST A SUCKER FOR A GOOD SHOW.
CLAP CLAP CLAP
ZATANNA REALLY KNOWS HOW TO WOW 'EM, HUH?
HMPH.
SAY, KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HAUNTINGS?
SPIRITS? LOST SOULS? GHOSTS? SUPERNATURAL HAPPENINGS?
...NO, WHY WOULD YOU? IT'S NOT LIKE I'D STUMBLE UPON AN OCCULT EXPERT HERE, SORRY, BUDDY.
I'LL SEND ZATANNA SOME FLOWERS LATER. FOR NOW, DUTY CALLS.
POP!

Metropolis. The sketchy part.
THAT'S THE LAST OF-- AMBUSH BUG!
SUPES? YOU'RE LOOKING LESS CHISELED THAN USUAL.
POW!
YOU FOUND A GHOST! I KNEW THIS COMIC WAS HAUNTED!
GHOST? THESE MONSTERS FEEL SOLID TO ME.
OH. GOOD POINT.
THIS ISN'T A HAUNTING!
THIS IS THE SUPERMAN COMIC THAT DC CANCELLED BECAUSE IT WASN'T HEROIC ENOUGH FOR THE MAN OF STEEL'S BIG YEAR!
WHUMP!
I NEVER UNDERSTAND ANYTHING YOU SAY.
WHAT ARE YOU WEARING UNDER THAT TRENCH COAT?
NOTHING. BUT NOT LIKE THAT.
DON'T USE YOUR X-RAY VISION. BYE!
POP!

A proper street on All Hallow's Eve.
NOW THIS. THIS IS WHAT HALLOWEEN SHOULD BE.
KIDS IN COSTUMES.
ENOUGH SUGAR TO GIVE DENTISTS NIGHTMARES.
HAUNTINGS THAT ARE JUST BEDSHEETS WITH EYEHOLES.
HEY, RAVEN.
AMBUSH BUG. I SEE YOU'VE DRESSED UP TO JOIN THE HALLOWEEN FESTIVITIES.
I'M ON A CASE.
...OH.
YOU ARE TROUBLED.
I PROMISED MY SON I'D TAKE HIM TRICK-OR-TREATING, BUT THIS CASE IS A BIG DEAL. MULTIVERSE THREAT AND ALL THAT.
CLUES DON'T ADD UP, THOUGH.
I FOUND A WEIRD CHOCOLATE BAR.
DO NOT EAT THAT.
AND SOME WOLFSBANE.
DO NOT EAT THAT EITHER.
AND ALSO SOME DEMON GOOP.
ABSOLUTELY DO NOT EAT THAT.
I DO NOT SENSE ANY THREATS. ONLY YOUR CONFLICT.
YEAH? SO THE MULTIVERSE... DOESN'T NEED ME?
NO. BUT I SUSPECT YOUR SON DOES.
THANKS, RAVEN! GUESS I DON'T NEED TO HAUL THESE PHONY CLUES AROUND ANYMORE.
HEY, KID! WANT SOME REAL DEMON?
DO NOT GIVE THAT TO A CHILD. OR ANYONE.
I'M GOING! I'M GOING!
POP!
:SIGH:

YOU CAN TRUST AN EMPATH TO KNOW IF THE MULTIVERSE IS ACTUALLY AT RISK, SO I DECIDED TO CALL IT A DAY. UNTIL...
MOOOAAAAN...
...CLASSIC GHOST SOUNDS! IT IS A HAUNTING!
MOOOAAAAN...
I DON'T THINK THIS THING HAS BEEN DUSTED SINCE THE 80s. BUT HEROES ANSWER THE CALL.
WAIT A MINUTE, THIS ISN'T A GHOST...
SKREEE--
IT'S YOU AGAIN?! YOU WERE MY MYSTERIOUS CLIENT THIS WHOLE TIME?
MYSTERIOUS CLIENT? I AM THE DEVIOUS MASTERMIND WHO SHALL BE YOUR UNDOING!
THE MASTER OF YOUR MISFORTUNE WHO DEFINITELY DID NOT SLIP AND GET STUCK UNDER YOUR BOOKCASE!
I AM ARGH!YLE!
NOW WHERE WAS I? AH, YES...
AMBUSH BUG, AT LAST! ONLY YOU CAN SATISFY MY DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE! PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM!
I APPRECIATE BEING SOMEONE'S ARCHNEMESIS AND ALL.
EVEN IF THAT SOMEONE IS A SOCK.
BUT I'VE ALREADY TELEPORTED ALL OVER THE MULTIVERSE AND JUST WANT TO GET HOME TO CHEEKS.
POP!
IT WILL BE LONG AND GRISLY AND EXCRUCIATING AND EXTRAVAGANTLY HORRIBLE--
OH MY POLYESTER MOTH BALLS!
Skartaris. Nice place.

Home sweet home. Finally.
CHEEKS! I'M SORRY I'M LATE.
I REALLY THOUGHT THERE WAS A THREAT TO THE DC MULTIVERSE. I WANTED TO MAKE YOU PROUD.
BUT IT WAS JUST ARGH!YLE AGAIN.
YOU FORGIVE ME, RIGHT?
RIGHT?
YOUR POP HAS HAD A LONG DAY FIGHTING EVIL BUT NOW IT'S TIME...
...TO TRICK-OR-TREAT!
I THINK MRS. PARNASSUS DOWN THE BLOCK IS GIVING OUT FULL-SIZED BARS AGAIN!
END.


ALL IN
ABSOLUTE
BATMAN
#13
THE ERA OF
ABSOLUTE
CATWOMAN
BEGINS
OCTOBER
IN GOTHAM'S FINAL HOUR...
A NEW APEX PREDATOR EMERGES
Written by SCOTT SNYDER • Art by NICK DRAGOTTA
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